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PRIZE V.

Elaine on her Road to the Cave of Lancelot.

"Then rose Elaine and glided thro' the fields,
So day by day she past
In either twilight ghost-like to and fro
Gliding."

PRIZE VI.

Torre and Lavaine bid Farewell to the Body of Elaine.

"So those two brethren from the chariot took
And on the black decks laid her in her bed,
Set in her hand a lily, o'er her hung
The silken case, with braided blazonings."

PRIZE VII.

The Body of Elaine on its way to King Arthur's Palace.

"And the dead,
Steered by the dumb, went upward with the flood—
In her right hand the lily, in her left
The letter
For she did not seem as dead,
But fast asleep, and lay as tho' she smiled."

PRIZE VIII.

King Arthur reading the Letter of Elaine.

"Thus he read,
And over in the reading, lords and dames
Wept, looking often from his face who read,
To hers which lay so silent."

PRIZE IX.

The Remorse of Lancelot.

"And Lancelot answer'd nothing, but he went,
And at the inrushing of a little brook
Set by the river in a cove, and watch'd
The high red wave."

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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1863.

LITERATURE

Journal of a Voyage into the Mediterranean by Sir Kenelm Digby, A.D. 1628. Edited, from the Original Autograph Manuscript in the Possession of William Watkin E. Wynne, Esq., by John Bruce, Esq., F.S.A. (Printed for the Camden Society.)

Is the small but very choice collection of artistic works made by Miss Burdett Coutts is a group in miniature, consisting of Sir Kenelm Digby and his wife. The lady is best known as Venetia Stanley; and the gentleman, though famous in many ways, is chiefly remembered in connexion with the "Powder of Sympathy." There is not in the wide range of our family history a more singular and fascinating couple than these two persons, whose lives were chapters in a long and brilliant romance. In their own day, they were the spoiled darlings of mankind; they were allowed to do things which hardly anybody else would have been suffered to do; and to this very hour their characters are the subject of a thousand historic doubts.

Both were of gentle race, and gifted with extraordinary physical beauty and powers of fascinating men and women. The Digbys held their heads high enough, and the Stanleys topped them by many an ell. Before the first family had taken the name of Digby, they had borne that of Tilton; and the change from Tilton to the newer form had taken place in the reign of Henry the Third. Kenelm's cousin John was an Earl. But Venetia Stanley was of higher race than these Digbys; for on her father's side she came of the Knowsley stock; on her mother's, from the Alnwick and Sion stock; on both sides from a race of high and chivalric earls. The beauty and fascination of these two persons were the themes of a thousand eulogies from painter and poet. Ben Jonson has devoted some of his most seductive lines to this celebration, including one rather long poem, called 'Eupheme.' Ben tells us how to paint her:—

Draw first a cloud, all save her neck,
And out of that make day to break;
Till like her face it do appear,
And men may think all light rose there.

Then let the beams of that disperse
The cloud and show the universe;
But at such distance, as the eye
May rather yet adore than spy.

The heaven design'd, draw next a spring,
With all that youth as it can bring,
Four rivers branching forth like seas,
And Paradise confining these.

Last, draw the circles of this globe,
And let there be a starry robe
Of constellations 'bout her hurl'd;
And thou hast painted Beauty's world.

Kenelm was equally admired and praised. It used to be said of him that his face was so bright, his tongue so smooth, and his manner so sweet, that, if he were dropped down from the clouds in a strange place, he would instantly be liked and respected. No one could deny this charm. But one of his Jesuit friends, who knew his weakness of nature, added, "Yes, he would make himself liked if he would not stay in the place more than six weeks." If his own word in such a case can be taken, ladies of high rank fell into crazy love for him; and in one of the suppressed passages of his Memoirs there is an audacious story told against the Queen of France. But, if general gossip may be credited, the lady was still more dangerous company than the gentleman.

With the sole exception of Lady Rich, no woman has been made the theme of so much song that deserves to live as Venetia Lady Digby. Indeed, these two ladies have entered, so to say, into the very body of our poetic literature; and no one can read the works of our old poets with full delight in their turns and gaieties who has not previously obtained some knowledge of these ladies' lives. It is to be noted, both of the elder and the younger lady, that the admiration of poets and scholars could not shield them from abuse. In the verses of poets they had all the virtues under heaven; but the tongues of common men made very free with their fames; and it is much to be feared that the common folks were right. Lady Rich lived openly with Montjoy, and three of her children bore her lover's name. Much can be said in explanation of this brilliant woman's sins; but nobody can deny that a great part of her life was spent in committing them. For Venetia Stanley less excuse can be fairly made. Penelope Rich had been the sport of evil men and evil days. She had lost the chance of marrying a man whom she adored. She had been sold to a fellow whom she despised and loathed. She had fallen in the way of her first splendid lover, when they could no longer meet without peril and love without sin. She and that lover fell together. When Sydney died at Zutphen, he bequeathed the care of his lost love to his friend Montjoy; and in Montjoy's society she learned how to endure her hero's death. She was not a model woman, yet she had some very fine qualities, besides that beauty and that wit of which the poets made so much. Venetia Stanley seemed born to a life of happiness and virtue; but she missed it wholly; and, in spite of the love of a doting husband, the prodigality of a rich lover, and the praise of a choir of bards, it is doubtful whether this spoiled beauty ever passed one truly tranquil hour. Her father, Sir Edward Stanley, of Tonge Castle, in Shropshire, neglected her in youth; and her mother, Lady Lucy, seems to have been a flighty, passionate creature, unable to take care of herself. Yet Venetia had every chance of going right; for the man who was to become her husband fell in love with her while she was yet a child; and the passion being quick on both sides, they pledged each other a troth, which was kept in the letter, though it was sadly broken in the spirit.

The Digbys were a fighting, plotting, and adventurous race. Three brothers of the family had fallen at the great battle of Towton, and no less than seven brothers, nephews of the Towton men, had drawn sword for Henry of Richmond on Bosworth Field. On that famous day, the forefathers of Kenelm and Venetia had equally staked their fortunes on the winning side. The seven stout Digbys were well repaid by the new King—not out of his own purse, but out of the confiscated lands of King Richard's friends. One of these swordsmen founded the family of Coleshill, in Warwickshire, where a Digby is still vicar of the parish; another, that of Drystoke, in Rutlandshire, from which house came the subject of these memoirs and adventures. The Coleshill family was the more prosperous, though not perhaps the most notorious branch of the Digby house. One of the Coleshill family, John Digby, became Baron Digby of Sherborne and Earl of Bristol, the rival of George Villiers Duke of Buckingham; but the heirs of John Digby failed in the third generation, and the Earldom became extinct in 1676. The honours of Bristol passed away to the Herveys, who have raised the rank from an earldom to a marquise. But this branch of the Digbys had not played their

hand quite out. The sons of John Digby's elder brother had gone to Ireland, where they had become soldiers and barons. The seventh of these Irish barons received a good part of the old family honours, being created Baron Digby of Sherborne, Viscount Coleshill, and Earl of Digby. But his son Edward, second Earl of the new line, died unmarried, leaving the Irish barony to one kinsman, the English estates to another. Mr. Digby, of Sherborne Castle, and his brother, the Vicar of Coleshill, are claimants for the family honours; and as the latter gentleman has sons living, we may live to see one of them made Earl Digby of Digby. Another of the seven victors on Bosworth Field settled at Drystoke, in Rutlandshire; and his branch of the family became remarkable mainly for its romance and calamity. The men in this Drystoke family were called Kenelms and Everards—singular names, which their genius and misery have made familiar to our ears. The chief of this house, when King James came in, was an Everard Digby, a young gentleman of flighty disposition and good estate, already married, and twenty-two years old. He rode to meet the King at Belvoir Castle, and was there knighted by the man whom he was so soon to do his best to murder. Drawn by Catesby into the Gunpowder Plot, Sir Everard lost his head, and nearly lost his large estates. Much of these were saved for his sons Kenelm and John, infants, then but one year and two years old. The first of these orphans was the future chemist, courtier, reasoner and astrologer, Sir Kenelm.

The date of Sir Kenelm's birth has been much disputed; but Mr. Bruce (the careful editor of this 'Journal of a Voyage into the Mediterranean') has been lucky enough to settle the point. Jonson had said,—

Witness his action, done at Scanderoon,
Upon his birthday, the eleventh of June.

Richard Farrar had confirmed this date in his lines,—

Born on the day he died, the eleventh of June,
And that day bravely fought at Scanderoon.

Anthony Wood first drew attention to the real date, which was the 11th of July. Sir Kenelm, who studied sorcery, gave a paper of his nativity to Simon Forman, the famous wizard, which is now among the Ashmole MSS. The writing is Digby's: a round, fair hand, as plain as printers' type; and the date is perfectly clear. July is not a clerical error for June. In another place Sir Kenelm has stated that he was two years, six months and twenty days old when his father was put to death. Now Sir Everard was hung on the 30th of January, 1606; and the child Kenelm must have been born in July, 1603, to the discomfiture of two poets.

When and how he became a convert to the English Church is also matter of debate. It has been boldly said that he was a convert made by Laud, and made in his early youth. This could not have been. Laud, indeed, appears to have been aware of his reconciliation; but it is certain that this serious part of his career was his own mature act and deed. He was born, as he said, a child of Rome. Sometime in his full manhood he came over to the national Church; and at the age of thirty he returned to Rome, under the wing of which he afterwards lived and died. There is little to wonder at in changes such as these in such a man at such a time. Digby's mother was an ardent Catholic, and the boy spent much of his youth in Catholic countries. For a short time he was placed in Gloucester Hall, Oxford, under the charge of Thomas Allen, known as the astrologer;

but Lady Digby was alarmed for his soul, and she persuaded him to leave Oxford for Paris, so as to be out of temptation! He had already sworn himself slave for life to Venetia.

To Digby this young lady's beauty was as far beyond compare as it was to the poets. In his eyes, every part of her seemed perfect; her form, her face, her eyes, her hair. Never had woman such a golden treasure on her head; for, in the language of her lover, it was "as though a stream of the sun's beams had been gathered together, and converted into a solid substance." This lovely girl bound herself to the handsome youth by the most tender vows; and when he had gone to Paris to avoid temptation, she opened her heart to the vows of more than one lover who did not run away. No one can say to what extent Venetia proved false to Kenelm. A score of young men fluttered about her in the Court. Some were said to be highly favoured; and some young sparks spoke openly of their fair fortune. The town was busy with her name. Clarendon says she acquired as wide a reputation for gallantry as for beauty. Aubrey names the most favoured of her many lovers, Richard, Earl of Dorset, to whom, Aubrey says, she bore children, and from whom, the same gossip says, she had an allowance of 500*l.* a year.

Nothing can be said, or ought to be said, for this fascinating sinner. After all, and with his eyes open, Sir Kenelm married her. The inventor of the Powder of Sympathy, with his studies in sorcery and his pretension to occult science, was not likely to act as other men would have acted in his place. She did not live very long; but while she lived, he could not tear himself from her side a day; and, after her death, he retired from the world for two or three years, into Gresham College, where he let his hair grow like a hermit, in sign of sorrow for his lost wife. There were wretches who did not scruple to hint that he had taken her off in a fit of jealous rage.

Digby has written a high-flown defence of his proceedings in this affair. That Venetia had been false to him every one knew. He could as easily have denied the sun at noon-day as his wife's offences. So he boldly pardoned her, and justified himself. She was very young, he argued, and very lovely; all the young men courted her; the lover whom she adored was absent; and in her untaught youth a mist came over her judgment. These last words are Digby's own. "I know the worst," he wrote, "that can be objected against her . . . and more than any man else; and if I err, my judgment will be in fault as much as my affection." This is the very dotage of purblind passion.

He had not always thought in this way. When he first heard of Venetia's frailty, he flew into storms and furies, burned her letters, and made a solemn vow against the sex. Fate threw him into her path once more. At Christmas time, he was walking near Hyde Park, on a bright sunny day, when a coach came rolling past, in which sat Venetia, pensive and alone. Her beauty drove him mad. Sending his servant after her coach, he learned her address, and called to see her, hoping to warm himself in her smiles, without being driven into her serpentine embrace. Poor fellow! He called, and he was lost. Putting on a jaunty air, as he thought he might do with such a lady, he found Venetia rise upon him with noble anger, and cast him from her feet with so much disdain, that he was glad to offer marriage as the only reparation in his power. They were privately married; and the secret of their union was closely kept until their second son was born.

Digby, who had been in Spain, Italy, and

other countries, and affected all the knowledge of the Egyptians, pretended that he had received his great secret of the Powder of Sympathy from an oriental traveller, a Carmelite monk, who had brought it from the East. It is not known when he received this gift; but it must have been prior to his marriage. It was first made matter of public talk about the year 1625; and this is the way in which it is supposed to have come about. James Howell, writer of the Familiar Letters, is said to have come rather suddenly upon two of his friends while they were fighting a duel, and, on throwing himself between them, to have received two slashing cuts from their swords—one on the front of his hand, the other on the back. King James, who liked Howell and hated duelling, sent one of his own surgeons to attend the wounded man; but the doctor could do little for him; and after bearing his hot anguish for a few days, Howell, who had known Digby in Spain, went to his house, and begged him to look at his hurt, saying, "I understand that you have extraordinary remedies upon such occasions." Digby found the hand much inflamed and threatening gangrene. The sorcerer "asked to have given to him any article that had upon it some of the blood which had issued from the wound. The hand had at first been bound up with a garter. Howell sent for that. In the mean time Digby called for a basin of water, as if he would wash his hands, and taking a handful of powder of vitriol dissolved it in the water. When the bloody garter was brought to him, he immersed it in the basin. Howell was at that time talking with a gentleman in another part of the room. Of a sudden he started. Digby asked him what he ailed. 'I know not,' he replied, 'but I feel no more pain. Methinks a pleasing kind of freshness, as it were a wet cold napkin spread over my hand, has taken away the inflammation that tormented me.' Digby advised him, since he felt already so good an effect of the new medicament, to cast away all his plasters, and simply to keep the wounds in a moderate temperature. 'After dinner,' remarks Digby, 'I took the garter out of the water, and put it to dry before a great fire; it was scarce dry, but Mr. Howell's servant came running that his master felt as much burning as ever he had done, if not more, for the heat was such as if his hand were 'twixt coals of fire. I answered that . . . I knew the reason, . . . and that his master should be free from that inflammation . . . before he could return unto him. . . . He went, and at the instant I did put again the garter into the water; thereupon he found his master without any pain at all. . . . Within five or six days the wounds were cicatrized and entirely healed.' A modern physician may smile at this wonderful cure. But the King was greatly impressed by the mystery; the poets took it up; and in our own day Sir Walter Scott has turned it to good account. James began to try experiments with the Powder of Sympathy, and Sir Theodore Mayerne, his learned friend and quack-doctor, applied to Digby for his secret.

Next to his marriage with Venetia, and his production of the Powder of Sympathy, the most notable circumstance of Digby's career was his fight at Scanderon, mentioned in Ben Jonson's verse. Of the voyage in which that action took place, Sir Kenelm left a narrative; and this narrative Mr. Bruce has just edited and printed for the Camden Society. There is not much in the book; but it corrects a few errors, and adds a few particulars, in a curious man's life. Mr. Bruce has done his share in the work extremely well.

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The Siege of Derry: a Prize Poem, in Four Cantos; and Occasional Pieces. By T. Young. (London, Hamilton, Adams & Co.; Dublin, Moffat & Co.)

Ellen Hanly; or, the True History of the Colleen Bawn. By One who Knew Her in Life and Saw Her in Death. (London, Hamilton, Adams & Co.; Dublin, Moffat & Co.)

St. Patrick's Ruction. By Barney Brady. (Dublin, Moffat & Co.)

WIDE apart in subject and interest as the above works may be said to be, their very differences and juxtapositions are characteristic of Ireland and the Irish. Reality, romance, fact, fiction, argument, assertion, tale-telling, singing, howling, and humorous jollification, are here all of a heap. The only English contribution to it is that by the late Mr. Senior. The greater part of the contents of this work must be known to all who have studied that great Irish question, which would be so easy to solve if the selfish on every side could only be swept clear of the stage, and the settlement be left to the honest, the earnest, and the truthful,—to men, in short, who would think of their common country. The claims of that country, its ills and the remedies for them, are told and commented on in sincere yet passionless seriousness in Mr. Senior's work.

Much of what Mr. Senior once recommended as "Irish remedies" has been already done, and more is on the eve of doing. One great reform urgently needed is to get out of the popular mind that murder is not only justifiable, but heroic. There is no other country in the world where assassination takes the form of a virtue. We meet here with a fugitive taking shelter in a Ribbon lodge. "It's for murder," he cried out, "that I'm in hiding." So they gave him a seat by the fire and his whisky. Another man came; he looked suspiciously at the stranger. "He is hiding for murder," they said.—"For murder!" exclaimed the fresh comer, "sure 'tis for pig-stealing, the dirty blackguard!" On which he was seized and given up to the police. Shooting landlords seems to be as little thought of as shooting rabbits. When the Prince of Wales was last in Ireland, and the question of his residence there was mooted, a landlord was shot close to Dublin, by way of encouragement—or monition. One significant and illustrative fact may be added here. The most active, unselfish, and beneficent friend Ireland ever possessed was the late William Dargan. He was a self-made man, thoroughly Irish in his feelings for his country, an indefatigable worker, but no politician,—nothing of the "patriot," whose chances for fortune would die if Ireland had no grievance. He set an example of industry, gained a large fortune, and lost it again in spite of his industry. Ireland never had a more practical friend, but his poor widow is left miserably destitute; and the scanty subscription list for her relief is a disgrace to all parties.

Turning from Mr. Senior's amusing as well as instructive volumes, we come upon one of the grumblers. Mr. Bradshaw describes himself as "late of the Science and Art Department." We by no means admire all that is said, done, or commanded at South Kensington, and it seems likely that the Irish professors

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in Dublin have not been well treated by the South Kensington magnates; but then the author weakens his case by writing a long angry poem, which opens thus agreeably:—

"No Irish need apply!"—What door
Is this inscription written o'er?

The door is that of every office
That's justly ours; while those who scoff us
Are traitors, fools, or knaves, that clan
To bar out every Irishman!

There is an Appendix, ten times longer in amount of type than the poem. The author tells us that neither can be understood unless both are read! Will he find any Irishman even, save himself, who will undertake the task? Part of the Appendix consists of examination-papers in botany.

Mr. Young's prize poem "was hastily written," and is fair enough not to please any ultra-partisan. It is very well done—for a prize poem; but we should like to see the quality of the failures. Mr. Young does not take all the romance out of the old story; but the author of 'Ellen Hanly' ruthlessly wrings all the poetry out of the tale of the Colleen Bawn. It is simply a true narrative of a brutal fellow, a "gentleman," eloping with a young girl, who first robbed her uncle, and who was forthwith sorry for what she had done, although she fancied herself really married to her seducer. As she was *not*, the resolution on his part to get rid of her by murder is the more inexplicable. Nevertheless, a murder of the most cowardly and brutal sort was accomplished, and the murderers were justly hanged. But here a touch of the Irish character comes up. The horses which drew the carriage in which the gentleman assassin was allowed to ride to the gallows, jibbed at last, when near the place of execution, and would not advance. "This led several of the uneducated and credulous spectators to assert that he was innocent, and that the horses instinctively refused to participate in the death of a guiltless man; and they were loud in their exclamations of pity." The murderer, however, was hanged notwithstanding.

It is pleasant to turn from these gloomy details to the hearty, rollicking, honest, joyous spirit of Barney Brady. He sings the Prince's Installation to the tune to which *Inglodby* sang the Queen's coronation, and with very much of the same spirit and success. The details are full of real good humour, and are thus picturesquely concluded with a touch of the Ulster King at Arms:—

Sir Barney O'Burke then finished his work,
Mad! his reverence agin, an' agin, an' agin.
Then, suddent an' quick, his Majesty's stick
Sweep' over his brains in a flourish; an' thin
Defiant he gazed on the audience amazed.
His lift brogue he raised, gev' a stamp on the floor,
An' he siz, "All ye people, down under the steeple,
The play is concluded, an' yander's the door!"

Barney Brady's eye was pretty well everywhere, but it failed to see one incident of the day—the *skrimmage* that took place between the Lord Lieutenant's pages,—how one pitched into the other, and how the Viceroy ultimately entered the Cathedral without either of the young supporters of his train:—all this is worthy of being sung by such a bard as the author of 'St. Patrick's Ruction.'

On the Sports and Pursuits of the English, as bearing upon their National Character. By the Right Hon. the Earl of Wilton, P.C. G.C.H. D.C.L. (Harrison.)

THE Earl of Wilton has a theory. It appears to him that no nation can flourish for any length of time, or enjoy political freedom, unless it is devoted to manly sports; and that no nation wholly devoted to manly sports can

fail to flourish or to enjoy political freedom. So deep a root has this theory taken in his Lordship's mind, that he intended to read a paper on the subject before the British Association. The germs of that paper have been expanded into the volume before us. We hardly know whether we should most congratulate the public on being honoured with the Earl of Wilton's confidence, or the philosophers on escaping the disturbing influence of his arguments. The sight of the whole British Association pouring out to the covert-side (at the wrong time of year), the racecourse, or the stubble-field, would no doubt have rewarded the Earl for his exertions, but must have hindered the progress of science. It is not merely the allurements of pleasure that would prove fatal to severer study. The vanity of learning is shown most strongly throughout the Earl's pages. Former nations and former writers excelled in thought, contributed to the treasures of literature, laid up stores of wisdom: but they had no manly sports, and they are extinct. The Assyrians, the Babylonians, and the Persians have passed away. Babylon has justified prophecy by its fall. Persepolis is in utter ruin. The Greeks were an incomparable race, entirely addicted to sports and pastimes, but they nourished slavery, and therefore they have succumbed. The fate of the Romans was almost identical.—

Vain was the chief's, the warrior's pride,
They had no field-sports, and they died;
In vain they fought, in vain they bled,
They had no field-sports, and are dead.

The analogy is preserved when we turn from the ancient kingdoms of the earth to the modern ones of the Continent. There is no such thing as liberty except in England, Holland and Switzerland; and it is only in these three countries that athletic sports are pursued in a manly and generous spirit. The argument is quite conclusive. In France, for instance, boys at school are never allowed to play. "The dull routine of school is enlivened by no merry shouts; the playground affords no pastime—all is rule and regulation, drill and dress." Since 1789 the French have travestied every form of government, and have at last subsided into despotism. "Such is the natural result of a want of initiation into manly sports in early life." Germany is even more behindhand than France. The people of Berlin do not shoot, and therefore the Prussian press is not free, the passport system and the conscription are in full force! Are they? As for Austria, the most elementary civil rights were not established till the summer of 1867. The consequence is, that although the Tyrolese are bred to the use of the rifle from their boyhood,—although there are yearly shooting-matches in which every village joins,—though every village has its shooting-ground,—and although the people take the greatest pleasure in gymnastic exercises, and in the danger and excitement of chamois-hunting,—yet this is a mere tendency to sport, and the want of freedom prevents its being developed into a passion. We presume that this is the explanation of the extreme, even bigoted, loyalty of the Tyrolese. With all their show of intense love of sport, they cannot enter into civil or political freedom. The Berlin citizen who does not shoot, the Frenchman who is a mere part of the State machine, the English labourer whose sole exercise is a daily walk of eight miles from the parish on which he is chargeable to the fields where he works, but where he must acquire no settlement, may know more about civil rights than the hardy Tyrolese marksman. This would seem to militate against Lord Wilton's theory. But the distinction between a tendency and a passion explains everything. We should be sorry to catch an Earl tripping, even out of the House

of Lords; yet it must be confessed that there are one or two other difficulties which we cannot solve so readily. The Earl says in one place (p. 103) that the battue system has been derived from the despotic East, and has never been known in this country: "we are even now obliged to import a word in order to express the thing." But at p. 223 we read that the battue system is "a custom which has now become common" in England. Then there is some apparent confusion of idea in the character of the Greeks. They are praised both for their art and their freedom. It may, perhaps, detract from the exalted view of their art that they were idolaters. But even this does not take away their special character as lovers of freedom. Apparently the Earl of Wilton means that while artists must not be idolaters, free men who are addicted to manly sports may be anything they like. If so, this is an exalting and comforting notion for the freest of all nations, and may reconcile us to any amount of that mammon-worship which, according to some of our foreign critics, shares the devotion bestowed on guns and horses.

The chapters wholly given up to a discussion of the Earl of Wilton's theory form but a small proportion of his volume. In the other chapters he sketches the rise and progress of our various sports, quoting from the most miscellaneous authorities, and not being too lavish of his own comments. Some of the anecdotes thus brought in are curious enough. We cannot say that they have any bearing on the national character of the English. The man who trained a pig as a pointer, and brought her to such perfection that she sold for ten guineas, was an Englishman; but such an idea partook rather of insular eccentricity than of that manliness which is so peculiar to our nation. So, too, the farmer who trained a dog to field at cricket, and won a game with its help, was an Englishman, but his example has not been followed at Lord's. Yet the lady who advertised for a young healthy wet-nurse to attend on a small litter of fine English spaniels was an Italian Marchesa, and the story, however good, would have seemed a little out of place at the British Association. Perhaps the Earl of Wilton's censure of the present practice of gambling would have been received with more favour. He says, very truly, that the evil of the system of betting consists, to a great extent, in the infamous devices resorted to in order to influence the bets. "The evil might work its own cure," he adds, "if those in high places would eschew it themselves, and lend no countenance to it in others; but that at present seems an impossible position." The influence of the betting mania on the prevalence of manly sports might demand a chapter in such a work as this of Lord Wilton's, if it were, indeed, intended for a philosophic audience.

The "Ever-Victorious Army": a History of the Chinese Campaign under Lieut.-Col. C. G. Gordon, C.B. R.E., and of the Suppression of the Tai-ping Rebellion. By Andrew Wilson. (Blackwood & Sons.)

THE career of Col. Gordon affords a striking contrast to the traditional idea of the European soldier of fortune in the East. A young captain of engineers, called to a position of vast responsibility in the greatest empire in the world, conducting military operations on a grand scale, conquering rich and important cities, subject to every temptation that power and wealth could offer, might well have found excuses if he had been seduced into the path of self-aggrandizement. But in Col. Gordon's career there is no mercenary element. Not only did he

undergo a life of hardship and toil, and voluntarily incur the greatest danger, but he spent all his pay and some of his private funds in promoting the efficiency of his force; and when, after fourteen months of labour and peril, he returned to his subordinate position in the Royal Engineers, he, for the second time, refused the offer made by the Emperor of China to recompense his exertions by a large grant of money, and came back to his regimental duty a poorer man than when he assumed his high command. For the other officers and men of his force he accepted the pecuniary rewards offered by the Imperial Government; for himself he was content with the barren honours which were bestowed upon him in the rank of Ti-tu, a banner and Order of the Star, "a yellow riding-jacket to be worn on his person, and a peacock's feather to be carried in his cap."

There is no question that these honours, such as have never before been conferred upon a foreigner by the Celestial Government, were well earned, and that Gordon played a very conspicuous part in the subjugation of a rebellion that at one time threatened to eat into the very heart of the empire; but it is clearly shown by Mr. Wilson that the Tai-pings were not overthrown by British arms alone, that the Imperialist forces of China aided very largely in the work.

The Tai-ping—or "Great Peace"—rebellion had its origin in a time when the Chinese Empire was in a state of trouble and ferment. From the year 1830 the country was subject to a succession of unusual difficulties. Rebellions, inundations, famines, and similar disasters, added to trouble with foreigners, weakened the hands of the government. The opium war of 1841-42 still more lowered the power of the government, by lessening its prestige; and the indemnity of 21,000,000 dollars exacted by Great Britain brought on a financial crisis. To obtain funds, the government commuted punishments for crime for fines in money; lawless characters increased by land and sea; local governments grew powerless, and within three months of the accession of the youthful Hien-fung to the throne, in February, 1850, Hung-Sew-tsuen, a descendant of a rude race, who had repeatedly failed to take the degree at Canton necessary to grant him admission to the ruling body of the state, issued a formal proclamation of rebellion, and a year later assumed the title of Tien Wang, or Heavenly Prince. For years he had declared himself a seer of visions—in which a tiger, a cock, an old woman who washed him in a river, the taking out his heart and putting in a new one, an old man in a black robe, and a demon-exterminating sword were conspicuous. Connecting these visions with the old Chinese doctrine of an exterminating decree issued by Heaven against people whose rulers are unjust, and putting on them afterwards a biblical gloss, converting the old man into the God of the Christians, and the man who told him how to exterminate the demons into Our Lord, he claimed for himself a divine mission. Whereas Christ was the elder, he was the younger Celestial brother, an idea which he strangely carried out, by asking Sir George Bonham at Nanking, if the Virgin Mary had a pretty sister for him to marry. Utterly failing to understand the spirit of the doctrines of Christianity, he yet turned them to his ends, and used them to support his claim to be the supreme ruler upon earth. Selecting some of his adherents as kings, or Wangs, he marched through China, and established himself at Nanking in 1853, his party gathering followers as he advanced. Often hard-pressed by the Imperialists, and jealous of his chief men, he yet held Nanking for

eleven years. In 1860, his commander-in-chief, the Chung Wang (or Faithful King) took the city Soochow. "Above," says a Chinese proverb, "is paradise, but beneath are Soo and Hang." "To be happy on earth," runs another, one must be born in Soochow; because the people of that place are remarkable for their personal beauty. The walls of the city itself were at this time ten miles in circumference; but outside there were four enormous suburbs, one of which, on the west side, extended for ten miles each way; and, besides, there was a large floating population. It was supposed to contain about 2,000,000 of inhabitants, and had almost a fabulous reputation throughout China for its ancient and modern marble buildings, its elegant tombs, granite bridges, canals, streets, gardens, quays, intelligent men and beautiful women." From this city the Imperial troops fled out at one gate, as the Tai-pings marched in at the other. "Shortly after, the city of Hangchow was taken by the Faithful King, and in the province of Kiangsoo everything looked promising in the prospects of the Heavenly Empire of the Great Peace."

Up to this period—May, 1860—the Tai-pings had only the Imperialists and the people of the country to contend with. A few Malays and Manillamen, and perhaps a crazy English sailor or two, may have found their way into the ranks on either side; but the conflict had mainly been between Chinese only. At this time the foreigners, both French and English, were at war with Imperial China; a great conflict was expected, and the Tai-pings thought they would receive foreign comfort and aid. They advanced upon Shanghai, driving in the Imperialist troops; but the British and French ministers agreed to oppose their entrance into the city, and they were repulsed and fell back. This was the commencement of the foreign interference, which was ultimately to end in the destruction of the rebel cause. About this time, also, the wealthy merchants of Shanghai arranged to afford funds for the enlistment of foreigners to fight against the rebels, and two Americans, Ward and Burgevine, enlisted a number of Europeans and Manilamen. Ward, who had been one of Walker's filibusters, was appointed to the command, and was successful in his first attempt; and in the following year he and Burgevine continued their operations. Ward was killed at Ningpo, leaving a fortune, which he estimated at 60,000. Burgevine, who is described by Mr. Wilson as "one of those nautical gentlemen who combine a taste for literature with the power of navigating coast vessels, and, would fate allow, of founding great empires," after an extraordinary career, serving first with the Imperialists, then joining the Tai-pings, next being banished from China, and, returning without leave, again attempted to join the Tai-pings, but was arrested and handed over to the Imperialists, pending communication with America as to his ultimate disposal. Taken into the interior by them, he was officially reported to have been drowned by accident, but it is shrewdly suspected that his death was not without design.

While Ward was in command of the motley force of Europeans and disciplined Chinese—to which the Chinese gave the name of "the ever-victorious army" long before it had the least pretension to such a title—Capt. Dew, of the Royal Navy, had been engaged in operations against the rebels with a small force, but with signal success. He captured Ningpo, where Ward was killed, and Showshing, though with great loss of life among his officers. Burgevine, who had succeeded Ward, was dismissed from his command on account of a quarrel with a banker who kept back the money due to the

troops; and Governor Li applied to General Staveley to appoint a British officer to the command of the force. Capt. Holland, of the Marines, was placed in temporary command, pending the approval of the Government of the appointment of Capt. Gordon as its permanent chief.

The force of which Gordon assumed the command in February, 1863, was officered by Englishmen, Americans, Germans, Frenchmen, and Spaniards, Americans being in the majority. Old soldiers or old sailors, they were "brave, restless, quick in adapting themselves to circumstances, and reliable in action, but, on the other hand, they were very troublesome when in garrison, very touchy as to precedence, and apt to work themselves about trifles into violent states of mind." The non-commissioned officers and privates were all Chinese, largely recruited, after operations had commenced, from the ranks of the captured rebels, who, when taken one day, never objected to going into action against their old comrades the next. The force varied in strength from 3,000 to 5,000 men. This heterogeneous mass was held together by the strength of character and judgment of one man; and not only held together, but led to almost complete success.

To follow the whole of the operations of the campaign is beyond our power. Something of their nature may be gathered from the following description of the theatre of war:—

"The field of action was the large peninsula formed by the river Yangtze and the Bay of Hangchow, an immense alluvial flat in Kiangnan, having a superficial area of nearly 50,000 square miles. This district has been raised from the bed of the sea by the vast deposits of the great muddy river Yangtze, and, though thickly peopled, it is for the most part only a few feet above the level of the ocean, and in some places is even lower than that level. Here and there isolated hills rise to the height of a few hundred feet, but for the most part there is a dead level, rich with trees, growing various kinds of cereals in great abundance, thickly studded with villages and towns, and intersected in every direction by rivers, creeks, and canals. On looking across any portion of this great plain, boats, with their mat sails, appear to be moving in every direction over the land, and in some places the waters spread out into lakes of considerable size, such as the Taiho. Except on a few lines, there are no conveniences for transit by land but narrow foot-paths, where people can only go in Indian file; but the network of waters affords great facility for the movement of boats and of small steamers. In order to realize this district as it was from 1861 to 1864, we must conceive the Tai-pings coming down upon its peaceful villages and rich towns, moving flags, beating gongs, destroying images and temples, seizing valuables, occupying houses, dealing with all disobedience according to the exterminating decree of Heaven, and being a terror unto young women; but still not at first destroying the crops or many of the houses, or slaying many of the males. Then we have the Allies driving them back, firing into their masses of men with long-range rifles, and pounding at their stockades with heavy guns and shells. On the retirement of these, we have the Rebels again advancing to the neighbourhood of Shanghai, but this time in an infuriated demoniac state, burning and destroying everything in order that there may be a waste round the starving city, and murdering or driving before them all the villagers. Lastly, the Ever-Victorious Army appears on the scene, not by any means always victorious, but very frequently so, and bringing European drill and officers, with heavy artillery, to bear on a settlement of the question. Let this be embellished (as the scene appeared to me in 1860) with views of rich fertile plains, where the crops are trampled down or consumed, a few narrow bridges of the willow-plate pattern, a dilapidated pagoda or two, broken blackened walls of village houses, the deserted streets of towns, innumerable swollen, blackened corpses lying on the alluvial banks of the

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muddy streams or rotting underneath the graceful bamboos, red flames at night flashing up against the deep dark sky;—let us imagine, also, the Tai-pings throwing themselves into all sorts of postures impossible to the European, and uttering cries scarcely less painful or hideous than those from the ravished villages; and we may form some conception of the great Chinese tragedy which was enacted in Kiangnan."

For the battles fought and the cities taken, the successes and reverses, the horrors of the massacres, and the excitement of the sieges, the reader must consult Mr. Wilson's account of the campaign. There has probably never been a more strange history written. It is a record of treachery, of mutiny, and of cruelty, and yet of bravery, and resolution, such as has no parallel within our knowledge. A whole garrison suddenly transferring itself and the town which it held from one side to the other is no uncommon event; and "under these trying circumstances," the commander, we read, was obliged "to do a good deal of beheading to keep his garrison staunch." Mutiny only quelled by shooting the ringleaders, the people butchered in every direction, and the houses burned by the Tai-pings, were events to be met as they came; while throughout the strange and seething mass of crime and slaughter we are constantly coming across the names of the Tai-ping leaders, which seem curiously inconsistent with the scenes in which they acted. The Faithful King, the Heroic King, or Four-Eyed Dog, the Protecting King, or Cock-Eye, are conspicuous figures in the drama.

Standing out prominently from the rest are two figures that the eye dwells upon with pleasure. In Ward's time, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Chekiang, Monseigneur de La Place, who "was wont, when others were seeking for plunder, to search for what he called his own loot, *les misérables*, whom he gathered together in some joss-house, and for whom he established rice-kitchens;" and later, Gordon, holding back his force from plunder or cruelty, repressing disobedience by tact or the strong hand,—the last to seek rest or comfort, the first to head every attack of danger:—

"In almost all these engagements, Col. Gordon was very much exposed; for he found it necessary, or at least expedient, to be constantly in the front, and often to lead in person. Though brave men, the officers of his force would sometimes hang back, and their commander had occasionally to take one by the arm, and lead him into the thick of the fire. He himself seemed to bear a charmed life, and never carried any arms, even when foremost in the breach. His only weapon on these occasions was a small cane, with which he used to direct his troops; and, in the Chinese imagination this cane soon became magnified into Gordon's magic wand of victory. His Celestial followers, finding him almost invariably victorious, and escaping unhurt, though more exposed than any other man in the force, naturally concluded, in accordance with their usual ideas, that the little wand he carried insured protection and success to its owner."

A single example of his method of dealing with his officers must suffice:—

"In the engagement at Leeku Col. Gordon had a narrow escape; for one of his captains, Mr. George Perry, was shot dead at his side, under rather peculiar circumstances. Some days previously, Gordon found lying on the ground a letter in the handwriting of this officer to a Tai-ping sympathizer in Shanghai, giving information as to the intended movements of the force. On being shown this letter, Perry confessed that he had written it, but declared he thought the information of no importance, and had only intended to send it to Shanghai as a piece of gossip which might be interesting. On this, his commander said to him, 'Very good, Perry. I shall pass your fault over this time, on condition that, in order to show your loyalty,

you undertake to lead the next forlorn hope.' This agreement had been forgotten by Col. Gordon when, a few days after, they stood together on the edge of the ditch in front of the stockades at Leeku. They were both, in fact, leading a forlorn hope; and, while standing together, a ball struck Perry in the mouth, and he fell into Gordon's arms, where he almost immediately expired."

After fourteen months' campaigning by Gordon and the Imperialists, the rebels held only the city of Wuchu and Nanking, where they were closely besieged by the Imperialists. At the same time, the English Government recalled Gordon from his command, owing to an impression at home that the Chinese commander had sanctioned a brutal massacre on the taking of Soochow from the rebels,—an act which Mr. Wilson asserts to have consisted only in the execution of ten of the Rebel Wangs, and which he considers to have been absolutely necessary. Thus removed from his command, Gordon, in agreement with Governor Li, dissolved "The Ever-Victorious Army"; and the taking of Nanking,—the death of the Heavenly Prince,—the capture and execution of the Faithful King, the Shield King, the second Heavenly Monarch, and the Young Lord, were events brought about by the Imperialist army alone. With this crowning success, the Tai-ping rebellion was virtually brought to a close.

With the exception of courage to lead his troops, which he sadly lacked, there is much in the character of the Tien-Wang that reminds us of Moore's picture of the veiled prophet of Khorasan:—

"From the hour (says Mr. Wilson) when Hung arose from his sick bed after his first forty days' trance, and, poor and nameless, proclaims his avatar by fixing on his door-post the proclamation, 'The noble principles of the Heavenly King, the Sovereign King, Tsuen,' on through success and defeat and imperial opposition, up to the hour of his death at Nanking, when human flesh was selling in the market at so much per catty, he seems never to have wavered or abated one jot of his claim to supreme rule on earth. * * * Soon after establishing himself at Nanking, he entirely secluded himself within the walls of a large palace, beyond the outer court of which no male attendants were allowed to enter. In the interior the Heavenly Prince was waited upon by females alone, by his numerous wives, and still more numerous concubines, to whom accessions were made from year to year. * * * As dangers gathered round him, Hung-sew-tsuen, the Heavenly Monarch, became more cruel in his edicts, and ordered any of his people who might be found communicating with the enemy to be flayed alive or pounded to death."

On the 30th of June, 1864, he poisoned himself, and his corpse was buried by one of his wives in the garden behind his palace. It was afterwards dug up by the Imperialists, and found "enveloped in yellow satin, embroidered with dragons; his head was bald, without hair; his moustache remained, but had become grey; there was flesh on his left thigh and right shoulder; and as soon as the examination had been concluded, the head was secured, and the remainder of the body, after being cut up, was burned, almost all China exclaiming, with Pekin officialdom, 'Words cannot convey any idea of the misery and desolation he caused: the measure of his iniquity was full, and the wrath of both gods and men was roused against him.'"

So ended, amid unspeakable horrors, one of the most extraordinary careers that even Oriental annals record. With Mr. Wilson's prophecies of the future of China, and fears of its "going too quickly for our interests and comfort," and with his dismal forebodings that "Britannia will soon share the fate of Carthage and Venice, of Spain and Holland," unless

she alters some of her present conditions, we are sanguine enough to disagree; but that his work contains much food for reflection on our relations with the East, besides vividly relating a tale second to none in dramatic interest, no one who peruses it can doubt. Carefully compiled from authentic sources, and forcibly and graphically written, it is a work of far more than ordinary merit.

NEW NOVELS.

Englewood House. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

THIS is a genuine young lady's novel. It is written with a simplicity and heartiness that carry the reader with a certain amount of interest through the three volumes, but with a running protest against the absurd actions and sorrows of everybody concerned. The author seems to consider that to be very miserable and incur heavy suffering is an excuse for and expiation of all the faults and follies under the sun; indeed, right and wrong seem to be in an inextricable tangle in her mind. The hero Eustace, who is dark, charming and mysterious, is suffering under a silent sorrow, which nothing will induce him to reveal to either friend or brother. He is "bound in honour," he declares, to silence. His father has cast him off under the impression that he has become utterly bad and base all of a sudden; his stepmother aggravates his father's wrath against him, and all his brothers and sisters are commanded to hold no intercourse with him. Meanwhile, he seems to have plenty of money, and a yacht at his own disposal, though afterwards he becomes inexplicably poor, and lives at the top of many pairs of stairs reading for the Bar. He falls in love, and makes the young lady very miserable because he will not declare himself, though he is on the point of doing so, when a certain Launcelot Maitland, who has married the lady's sister, appears. The two men scowl on each other, turn pale, and look with burning eyes into each other's faces. Cross purposes go through two volumes and a half, till the reader is pained at so much needless mystery; for if any one of the parties had possessed the smallest amount of sense, the mystery might have been unravelled in the first volume as easily as in the last; but then three volumes could not have been spun out. Eventually, after an attempt at murder and much mischief, made by a mean, revengeful barrister, who is in love with the heroine, the mystery is cleared. Eustace, out of a weak sense of obligation to a man who had once saved him from drowning, has allowed that man to lay upon him the odium of having forged bills, seduced a respectable young woman to leave her father's house, and afterwards abandoned her to starve, and who had broken his word, whereby he had pledged himself to marry the young woman if Eustace would not tell of him. Of course, the misery made in the end is much greater than the misery that would have been caused if no generosity had interfered to tell lies and act lies, in order to screen a worthless man from the consequences of his own deeds. The confusion between right and wrong in the author's brain is shown in the sequel to be hopeless. She has no words of blame for the wrongdoer, but sets every one to pity and console him; neither does she seem aware that the hero and her lover are almost as bad as Launcelot; for he sacrificed not only his own good name, which an honest man ought to guard more carefully than his life, but the good name of his father and family,—threw a slur upon his sisters, and cut short his own education at college; and all for the sake of persisting in a lie, coloured and disguised by a false halo of generosity!

The story of 'Englewood House' is very absurd; but we think that if the author would be at the pains to read and learn before she attempts to write another book, she might then write something worth reading.

Francesca's Love. By Mrs. Edward Pulleyne. 3 vols. (Tinsley Brothers.)

Francesca and Barbara Digby are two cousins—both beautiful, both accomplished, and both brought up at the same convent. Francesca is good, Barbara vain and frivolous. Both go out into society, and are much admired. Barbara marries an elderly General Vernon, and has a fine establishment, and is a great lady. Francesca loves a Mr. L'Estrange, who is a traveller, a man of genius and fortune,—a sort of hero of the Byron type. He is very much in love with Francesca, and all things are going on smoothly towards marriage: the *trousseau* is completed when, along with the last of the wedding dresses, comes a letter from Father Angelo, Francesca's spiritual director, telling her that her affianced husband is an infidel in religion and something worse in politics—a liberal who had disseminated abominable political ideas amongst the poor misguided Italians. This letter makes Francesca very unhappy, but she does not delay a moment. She puts Mr. Philip L'Estrange through his Catechism, and, finding that he substantially corroborates the accusation brought against him, she breaks off her engagement, and suffers greatly both in mind and body; but she never wavers in her determination. Her cousin Barbara falls into unlawful love with a Lord Tressilian, and elopes with him from her husband's house. Francesca hears of this, and hopes to be in time to prevent her cousin from going away. She claims the help of Mr. L'Estrange, who shows himself a trusty friend. They are too late, however, but they follow, and find that an accident has happened to the previous train, and that Barbara is lying fatally injured, whilst Lord Tressilian has been killed outright. Barbara lives long enough to repent and confess to Father Angelo, and then dies; the husband mourning for her very bitterly, but happily ignorant of the journey which had resulted in her death. Francesca goes into a Carmelite convent in Paris, and Mr. L'Estrange is left to find what comfort he can in poring over old books and MSS. in his study at the Abbey, which is his family seat. He is represented as having his heart considerably hardened by disappointment.

On the whole, though 'Francesca's Love' is a weak novel as regards its talent, it has a very conscientious moral, that people must act up to their convictions, at whatever cost.

Love, or Self-Sacrifice: a Story. By Lady Herbert. (Bentley.)

PARTS of this story are pretty, and one scene in it is touching; but the bulk of it is so foolish, that Lady Herbert's publication of it under her name must be considered quite as much an act of self-sacrifice as anything recorded in the book itself. The younger son of a Duke, as we infer from the name, (though, to judge by what we are told in the story, he seems the only son of a widowed Duchess), looking out for a place as storekeeper or overseer of cattle in Australia,—an English baronet acting as leader of a gang of bushrangers, and inspiring hopes in the heroine of the book that he may be spared to regain his place in society,—a heroine who marries at a moment's notice, because her father has lost her at play, and who afterwards marries a second time the very instant she lands at Calcutta, going straight from the wharf to the church,—are the chief

characters in Lady Herbert's story. We are assured that Lady Herbert knew the heroine, and far be it from us to doubt Lady Herbert's word; but it is possible that she may not have been present at either of the marriages, and that she may not have met the bushranging baronet or the strawberry-leaved overseer. So, too, though she tells us of a woman who lived twenty miles from a church, and who walked that distance every month, we hope Lady Herbert was not an eye-witness of the woman's journey. "There was," we read, "a river to cross, of which the bridge had been swept away by a hurricane; and her husband used to accompany her and drag her through the water, which was sometimes up to her waist. He would then leave her to walk the rest of the way in her wet clothes, and the following day meet her again on her return home, and drag her again through the river." This is, perhaps, as good an instance of love and self-sacrifice combined as Lady Herbert can give us, but it is not the most unnatural episode in her story.

All for Greed. 2 vols. (Virtue & Co.)

THE anonymous author of this novel may be presumed on more grounds than one to be a sensible man, but on one ground particularly:—he restrains himself from falling into the mistake of the ambitious frog. If his two volumes had expanded themselves into three, the strongest probability is, that they would have been an irritating failure. With a wise discretion, he has preferred to tell his story tersely, and therefore pleasantly. This is, in fact, one of the most conspicuous characteristics of the book; it is not padded. Not having very much to tell, and only enough of plot and mystery to keep the reader lazily curious from step to step, the writer succeeds in achieving that which is in truth one of the most important elements of a novel-writer's art, doing full justice to his materials, however ample or scanty they may be, and reducing the most grumbling critic to the solitary complaint that there is not quite enough to romance about. For this reason alone, then, this is a novel entitled to take rank above the average. For other reasons, its author deserves commendation and encouragement. It is written in good, clear and vigorous English; it never drags, as we have intimated, from beginning to end; it has at least three or four real characters in it which stand out in bold relief from the background of commonplace humanity; and, lastly, we believe we are literal in saying there is not a single bit of moralizing from page 1 to "Finis,"—all of them items of praise which ought now-a-days to count for a good deal!

'All for Greed' means (for the information of all who may be baffled by the title) that a young French *parvenu* wants to marry the daughter of an old Vicomte of the old régime, and murders (by proxy) his rich uncle to attain his end: but commits the crime for worldly motives, not for love. The sensational hinge of the story of course is, Who did the deed? and equally of course, the "transformation-scene" is justice to everybody and a general state of beatitude. But, as a matter of fact, if the author had called his book 'French love-making,' or by some similar name, he would have given a more accurate notion of his apparent "moral." He hates French manners and customs (as schoolboys say) "like poison"; and if there are two things he hates in France more than others, they are (with the exception, perhaps, of French law courts) the thing which a French girl calls her heart, and the mode in which French people arrange their marriages. He falls foul of French society in consequence on every con-

ceivable opportunity. As a matter of course, he must not be surprised if his critics and readers accredit him with the exaggerating tendencies common to all enthusiasts; but to point his moral, he has written nevertheless a readable book—one worth spending two or three hours over in the next three months of novel-reading inertia. If, in his next book, he will let his characters talk either in French or English, and not in a gratuitous jumble of both, it will be a decided improvement.

Crowned. By Edward Campbell Tainsh. 2 vols. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

It is to be regretted that a work written with evident pains and conscientious care, abounding, too, in passages of excellent thought, should be, as a whole, so unpleasant to read. 'Crowned' is a dull book, and the good thoughts and observations fall upon the reader as if they were paving-stones, they are so hard, ungenial and dogmatic. Although the author, Mr. Tainsh, gives his work in the shape of a story, it has the faintest possible outline, and scarcely any incidents. The author has not aimed at making his characters act and move like human beings: he treats them throughout as lay figures, which he can move and push into any position that pleases him; he never allows them to act spontaneously, he always demonstrates the wires and joints, and elaborately explains the method by which they are moved; they are not allowed to make an observation or to meet each other in the street, without an explanation of the effect of the incident upon their inner nature. This mode of treatment effectually damps whatever interest the reader might be disposed to feel; the author also keeps up an attitude of didactic severity towards the reader which is depressing. The hero, the Rev. Maurice Pascal, is set up as the ideal of a clergyman of the Church of England. Mr. Tainsh endeavours to work out his own problem, and the Rev. Maurice Pascal becomes, in the process, the most thoroughly unpleasant person that could be met with in a wide course of novel-reading. We are told about his exquisite humility, but the self-consciousness that underlies his humility is exasperating: he lacks *manliness*; he is always in some delicate dilemma with his conscience; or rather his self-consciousness is as sensitive as collodion paper, and everything acts upon it. The only feeling produced by the elaborate explanations and delineations with which the author accompanies every word and deed of his hero is pity for one who has too little vitality to be able to assimilate the outward facts of life with his inward conscience; who is too heavily laden with a sense of his responsibilities to be able to do his work with any gladness. In the account of the Rev. Maurice Pascal, his sister, and his two friends, the reader feels that the author is working out the analysis of his own ideas about them rather than attempting to produce a narrative. The framework of the book is so slight that it can hardly be called even the outline of a story. Maurice Pascal and his sister Edith have a good mother and a foolish father. Maurice, as a child, measures people and things by their impressions on himself: he loves his mother, he loves his sister, and nobody else. He finds out that his father is a humbug. After his mother's death, he wishes to become a clergyman, and, at the cost of much personal self-denial, he goes to college for seven years, and, for some reason or other, he does not go to see his sister for the whole time; but he then obtains a chaplaincy to a factory in a large town, and his sister comes to live with him. They make friends with two men; but

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all the rest of the world are outside, as though in the Court of the Gentiles. Edith is not quite so wearisome as her brother, but the absence of all geniality in the author spoils the interest. The author goes on to tell how Maurice tries to do his duty according to the measure of his own light; how he breaks with one of his two friends, because he told a falsehood, and, instead of being the man to help his friend to rise, he turns from him, saying, "God forgive you, Chriss; I shall never speak to you again," and keeps his word; and how, at last, he breaks down at a public meeting which had been called to consider some of his plans for the benefit of the workmen. He is not able to stand the coarse kind of influence brought to bear upon his ideas; he cannot properly explain himself and his objects; and, under a morbid sense of shame and failure and disgust, he throws up his situation, with an exaggeration of self-reproach which is the effect of overwork and bodily illness. He dies, just after all the workmen unite in an address to entreat him to remain amongst them. Edith marries poor Chriss; and Wentworth, the other friend, marries somebody else, who has once been beguiled by a false marriage, and whose story is treated with delicacy of sentiment, but with the dryness and prolixity which prevail throughout the book. If, in a future work, Mr. Tainsh would allow his characters to act and speak without his perpetual explanations, he would attain his end much better, and his book would be much more agreeable to read than 'Crowned.'

Letters from Europe. By John W. Forney. With a Portrait of the Author, and a complete Alphabetical Index. (Peterson Brothers.)

OCCUPYING a place of honour in the official circles of the United States, and influencing the public opinion of his country through the columns of the *Philadelphia Press* and *Washington Chronicle*, of which papers he is proprietor and editor, Mr. Forney is a man of letters and a political personage whose views concerning England will have practical results amongst his own people, and find many readers in the land to which intelligent Americans look with affectionate pride as the source of their national existence. Whilst expressing our approval of the liberality and general fairness of his remarks on our public men and institutions, we have much pleasure in calling attention to a book which shows with unusual force the regard in which England and her domestic doings are held by the majority of our Transatlantic cousins. Reaching the Mersey in the May of last year, Mr. Forney was impressed by the grand proportions, massive solidity, and remarkable cleanliness of Liverpool; and no sooner had he begun his journey from the northern port to London than he was struck by the superiority of our railway system over that of the American Republic. "At every station," he wrote in one of his first letters, "when the train stops, the doors are opened, and you may pass out if you please, and on the long lines you are allowed time enough to take refreshments, which, thus far, are really superior, and by no means as bad as depicted by Mr. Dickens in his late novel. Better tea, sweeter bread and butter, and finer mutton I have never enjoyed; the same strength and durability that impressed me so at Liverpool characterize these roads and rolling stock, and you glide on with so little motion that, at least on one of the lines (the North-Western), I could easily have written an 'occasional' letter, if I had not been better engaged. The pleasure

of reading and of reflection, so often impossible with us, either from the jolting of the cars or the volubility of some inquisitive friends, is a chief delight with the intelligent traveller in Europe." Thus agreeably conveyed from Lancashire, the traveller reached London in the humour to think and write pleasant things about the capital of the old country, which, upon the whole, has no reason to resent his criticisms; though he may have misjudged her in respect to certain particulars that are calculated to disturb the prejudices and ruffle the equanimity of an American of the Republican party. But, with a strong predisposition to applaud, the visitor soon experienced disappointment. Of course, his first visit to Westminster, where his delight with the Abbey and the Hall was followed by sad surprise at the meanness of the chamber in which the Commons of the United Kingdom do their business.

Describing the foremost members of the House by mentioning the American politicians to whom they bear a personal resemblance, Mr. Forney tells us that Mr. Disraeli has "the bearing and the figure of Senator Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey"; and that Mr. Gladstone is "not unlike Mr. Sumner, of Massachusetts; though not so large a man." In stoutness, Mr. John Bright resembles Speaker Colfax, and "his countenance is not unlike that of the Hon. James M. Ashley, the representative in Congress from Toledo, Ohio." Of all our public men, the Member for Birmingham is the person for whom Mr. Forney has the warmest admiration. "I told him," he records, "that if he visited our country, he would receive a welcome such as had been extended to no man since the day when the Marquis de Lafayette paid his second visit to our shores. . . . He answered, that he feared he could never visit the United States. He knew he had many friends in that country, but his field of labour was *here*; and, if God gave him health and strength to maintain the good fight, he believed that the masses of America would remember him as kindly and as long as if he temporarily left it for the purpose of receiving their congratulations." By the oratory of the Commons, the visitor was as much disappointed as by the unimpressive dimensions of their chamber, in which "a strip of carpet, not more than six yards wide, separates the antagonists; and concerning which he adds, "As care has been taken to keep out the people, by limiting the accommodation in the gallery to 150, there is no necessity for loud talking in the chamber itself, and, of course, little chance for oratory, and, much less, for declamation. Hence the habit of colloquial discussions,—hence the 'trick' of sneering at what is called eloquence. Mr. Disraeli's manner and voice were very much like the voice and manner of a gentleman standing before his office-fire, with his hands behind his back, talking business to a client or gossip with a friend, and Mr. Gladstone was equally unconstrained. Both these men talked like scholars and thinkers, and it was not difficult to note that their model, if they had any, was that of all their associates."

Our places of public amusement occasioned Mr. Forney even greater disappointment than our legislative assemblies; and no Londoner familiar with American cities will question the justice of the writer's statement, "Excluding the Alhambra, with its wonderful music and ballet, and its ever-fresh variety of comedy and crowds; the Cremorne Gardens, and, of course, the Opera for the richer classes, we have better-ordered theatres in our great cities than the Londoners." Of his entertainment at Drury Lane Theatre, "The London Bowery," he speaks in terms of thorough disgust, declaring that he cannot remember "a worse-played or worse-

conceived drama" than the one which he witnessed there, and adding, "It is difficult to believe that this was the scene of the triumphs of Kemble, Kean, Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, and Miss O'Neil, and that this rude and vulgar audience—for those who composed it were not much better in the stalls, the best part of the house, where I sat, than in the shrieking and hooting galleries—occupied the places of those who had seen these masters of a noble art. The actors were all inferior, and the whole affair was dismal to a degree. . . . In New York two such performances as 'The Great City,' at Drury Lane, and 'Antony and Cleopatra,' at the Royal Princess's, would be hissed down the first three nights, and damned without mercy by the papers." But, whilst thinking thus contemptuously of our theatres for drama, Mr. Forney speaks cordially of the splendour and artistic excellence of the two opera-houses, where he heard the notes of Tietjens and Patti, and was dazzled by the jewels and beauty of the ladies of our wealthiest classes. From the theatres Mr. Forney takes his readers to two of our places of worship—Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, and St. George's Chapel, Windsor: putting in contrast their opposite modes of service, and the different systems by which they are supported.

Though we have done Mr. Forney no more than justice in crediting him with a disposition to think and speak of England with fairness and even with generosity, we regret to say that the fervour and decisiveness of his political convictions occasionally give birth to harsh and partial judgments of certain aspects of our social system. That he has grounds to speak with surprise and pain of the manner in which American affairs are misrepresented in some of our influential journals, we admit; but he exhibits neither moderation nor knowledge of human nature when he attributes the misrepresentations to corrupt motive, and maintains that they are "deliberate mis-statements," written to order, and published for a base and atrocious purpose. Though there is considerable truth in his remarks on the subservience of our middle classes to the aristocracy, and on the antagonisms that divide our humbler people from their fellow countrymen of the higher social grades, he magnifies the servility which he condemns, and still more largely exaggerates the jealousies and feuds of the contending classes. Now and then he is unfair to individuals as well as to bodies of men. Nor are these the only signs that Mr. Forney's visit to our shores has not endowed him with that perfect knowledge of us and our ways which was the object of his expedition. He has tried to know us and to give us our due, but he has only succeeded in part, and has returned to America thinking less favourably of us than, for our sake as well as his own, we could wish him to think. Perhaps his failure is due to the want of introductions that would have gained for him entrance to private society. Our political life seems to have studied chiefly by the treacherous lights of party newspapers; and his knowledge of our social characteristics has been gained, for the most part, in the coffee-room of the Langham Hotel.

The Life and Times of S. Gregory the Illuminator, the Founder and Patron Saint of the Armenian Church. Translated from the Armenian. By the Rev. S. C. Malan, M.A. (Rivingtons.)

THIS work, according to its author, was suggested by a question asked some time ago,—whether or not "holy" stands before "Catholic Church" in the Armenian version of the Nicene

Creed. Thinking that a few authentic documents in connexion with the Armenian Church might be acceptable to many, he gathered together and translated a number, of which the volume before us contains a first instalment. The contents embrace a short summary of the Armenian Church and people; the introduction of Christianity into Armenia,—the acts and martyrdom of the apostles Thaddeus and Bartholomew, and a copious life of Gregory the Illuminator.

Our first impression on seeing the book was, that it formed a new contribution to the Early Church history of Armenia. But the perusal of a few pages soon dissipated the idea. For aught that is here printed, that history remains as obscure as before. The first introduction of Christianity into Armenia is unknown. No one can tell whether the apostles Thaddeus and Bartholomew preached the gospel there. It is as probable that they did not, as that they did. At any rate, the legendary account of them given by Mr. Malan is untrustworthy, having no pretension to the name of history. The same remark applies to the copious life and actions of Gregory from the Armenian, which are substantially the same as Agathangelos's in the Acta Sanctorum. Full of marvels and incredible particulars, the history of Gregory is only fit to amuse those whose credulity is large enough to accept anything which tends to glorify a holy preacher of note in ancient times. It is astonishing to find how soon a crop of legends grew up around distinguished Christians of the first centuries. The history of Armenia by Moses of Chorene, published somewhat more than a century after Gregory, contains not a few. A mythic haze soon enveloped the saints: admiring followers, or adherents of the same faith, imagining that the grace of God was magnified by removing them out of the ordinary circumstances of human virtue and endurance. We can only regret that Mr. Malan should have spent so much labour over a worthless task. A learned man, skilled in so many languages, might surely select a better field of employment than the lives of Armenian saints. The preface tells us that he has made a translation of the 'Confession of Faith of the Armenian Church,' given by Schroeder, Muravieff's statement of 'The Differences between the Armenian and Greek Churches,' and the Vartabed Mser's 'Instruction in the Christian Faith of the Armenian Church'; all these are preferable to the contents of the present volume. What is now most interesting to the student of Church history or to the ecclesiastic longing for a closer union of the Churches is the belief and order of the modern Armenian Church. It is impossible to trace the *origin* of this order, or to throw light on the life of him whose active zeal tended to a more general diffusion of Christianity in his native land. We know that he was involved in the political disorders of Armenia, whence he emerged, with an enlightened mind, to be made a metropolitan, and that King Tiridates was converted by his means. But the story of his numerous tortures by that monarch, of the visions he had and the miracles he wrought, is a baseless fabric. The Armenians may justly cherish the memory of one to whom their country owed so much. His activity and spirit were apostolical, the results great; he left an enduring mark on the country.

The following account is given of the ninth, tenth and eleventh tortures of S. Gregory by order of Tiridates:—

"Although Tiridates saw the wonderful patience of S. Gregory, and repeatedly heard the witness he bore to the truth, yet never did he reason himself into a better way of thinking. But on the contrary,

being yet more irritated, he commanded him to be hung by his two hands to a piece of wood in the shape of a cross; then to tie his hands with thick ropes, and his feet also, like the Saviour Jesus; and then with iron scrapers to tear his sides until the whole place was sprinkled with his blood. Then the king drawing near said to the saint, 'Wilt thou not hearken to me, Gregory, now that thou art in such torments?' The blessed man answered, 'I will keep the vows I made when even a child—to worship God and to serve Him, who is able to deliver me out of any tribulation, and to cast thee, who knowest Him not, into torments. And yet thinkest thou to terrify by the threat of torments those who know and serve Him, and thus to sever them from His love and from His service?' Then said the king, 'Who is that God of thine who can deliver thee out of my hands, and who judges, as thou sayest, of his own judgment?' So saying, he commanded a number of iron spikes to be brought, in basketfuls, and to be spread thick over the ground. Then they placed him naked on those spikes, and dragged and buried him in them, and rolled him about, until his whole body was pierced through, and there was not a place in it whole. And the earth that was sprinkled with his blood blossomed and budded forth, not with corruptible, passing flowers, but with incorruptible, unfading plants of faith, and with abundant fruit, as we shall see shortly. Then said the king to him, 'Where is thy God, Gregory, in whom thou trustest? Will he now come and deliver thee out of my hands?' But the saint endured his sufferings with extraordinary patience, and remained alive by the power of God, praising Christ God with unmingled joy; and all his tortures were easier to bear than if they had been a pleasure, by the grace of Christ. After this they again cast him into prison. The next day they brought him before the king, who said to him, 'I greatly wonder to see thee yet alive, still thinking nothing of torture, and to hear thee speak, thou who shouldst have already perished in such tortures as these.' So spake the king, because he did not know how the saint could have been healed from within of the wounds he had received with the iron spikes and flesh-hooks. But S. Gregory answered, 'My patience in enduring torture does not come from my own strength, but by the help of the grace of my God, and from my efforts to endure, which I have asked him to enable me to make. So then mayest thou try the servant of God; but thou shalt also know that nothing can separate from His love those who put their trust in Him. For He it is who gives patience and strength to endure tribulations and trials, until the wicked like thee be made to blush for their own vain folly, and be ashamed in the day of visitation and of rebuke.' The king, being enraged at these words, commanded to have certain iron instruments of torture, made like caps, put upon his knees, whereby the knees were made to swell in great lumps, upon which the iron caps were tightened with wedges. They then hanged him thus garrotted by his two hands and left him three days in that state, until his knees mortified and dropped off his body. But the saint continued glad and happy, glorifying Christ God. Yet during all this, that rational leopard of a king did not lose the spots of his heathenish cruelty."

It is subsequently told how the saint was let down into a deep pit filled with mire and venomous snakes, where he lived unharmed fifteen years, till he was released in consequence of a divine vision. After he had left the pit and was brought to Valarsabad, where the chief men of the city waited for him outside the walls, the narrative proceeds,—

"Then did one witness a marvellous sight. The king like a boar, and others possessed with devils, with many of that city and of the nobles thereof who were raving mad, were seen running together to the same spot to meet him, driven as they were to do so by the devils. And falling down before him, they wallowed, foaming and tearing their own bodies. And the king, under the form of a boar, rushing forward, grunting, roaring, wallowing, and foaming at the mouth, was awful to

look at, when at the coming of the saint he shrank up his snout, stuck up his bristles, and ran forward on all fours with the rest. The saint, however, had pity on them, knelt down on the spot, and prayed for them, and they were at once delivered from the devils, and returned to their former senses. And he commanded them to clothe themselves, and to cover their nakedness, because when of another mind they wore no clothing, covering themselves only with shame. The king, however, was not at once restored to his former state by the saint; but when rescued from the violent hold of the devils, he only gradually returned to a sensible state, and recovered his sound mind. Then they put garments on him to hide him from the gaze of the vulgar. He was yet, however, lying before the saint like a boar in body, that same king Tiridates, who always was haughty, stern, proud, and to others terrible; trying to kneel before him, but unable to do so in his present state, his limbs not helping him thereto. But he stood before S. Gregory respectfully, ashamed of himself, and tormented with the remorse of his conscience. He tried to entreat him with his voice, but could not, as he was not able to articulate distinctly with the voice not yet restored to him. All he could do was to express the feelings of his heart by his tears, until he roused the saint's pity, and with his moaning induced him to obtain his healing through his prayers."

The learned translator tells us that church folk are so taken up at the present time with silks, lace and candles at noon-day, that more solid lore and better sense meet with little favour; but, if he thinks that his own volume is of the solid lore and better sense sort, he is mistaken.

"Bones and I"; or, the Skeleton at Home. By G. J. Whyte Melville. (Chapman & Hall.)

NEITHER a novel nor a volume of essays, this nondescript publication bears so much resemblance in its earlier half to ordinary works of fiction that we might classify it with productions of romantic art, and so much likeness in its later chapters to the literature of a critical magazine that we debated whether we should best serve the reader's purpose by calling it a budget of miscellaneous papers. To account for the appearance of a book so unlike the stories with which the author has entertained us in past times is no part of our duty; but if we were required to state the circumstances to which its incongruous qualities and characteristics may be reasonably assigned we should conjecture that, having engaged to supply his publishers with a season tale and been subsequently thrown out of his usual way of professional industry, Mr. Whyte Melville tried to keep his promise at the last moment by hastily stringing together in narrative form such unfinished sketches and rejected manuscripts as he could find in his stores of literary refuse. The last chapter of the budget, entitled 'Guinevere,' bears strong signs that it was penned on the first appearance of Tennyson's 'Idylls' for publication in some critical organ. So also the chapters on 'Weight Carriers' and 'Shadows' must in the first instance have been thrown off without any view to their insertion in a record of conversations held by 'Bones and I' on the vanities of human life. The part played by Bones in the "haunted" chapter makes us suspect that he contributed nothing to the philosophy of the paper in its original form; and we incline to the opinion that 'Rus in Urbe' was written long before "I" ever thought of asking his favourite skeleton to assist him in botching up a volume for library consumption. The earlier sections of the book seem to be of more recent manufacture: and so far as they are concerned Mr. Melville may be commended for the generosity which he displays

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to his skeleton, who greatly surpasses "I" in justice, worldly knowledge, and sympathy with human kind. The acclamatory cynicism of "I's" utterances against the ways of man and the designs of Providence is the cynicism of a schoolboy imitating what is most morbid in Byron and least pleasant and manly in Thackeray; but his puerile intemperance is repressed and restrained by the philosophic "Bones," who holds that though life is, doubtless, wearisome and unprofitable, its sorrows are not without compensating pleasures, and that notwithstanding its badness human nature might easily be made a good deal worse.

"Why is the whole world" (inquires "I" of his bony friend) "still at sixes and sevens? What is the object of it all? *Cui bono? cui bono? cui bono?* Is there the slightest appearance of a result; any tendency to a goal? Shall we ever get anywhere, or are we travelling perpetually in a circle, like squirrels in a cage, pickpockets on the treadmill? By the way, who convicted the pickpockets, and sentenced them? The sitting magistrate, of course; and do the awards of that worthy functionary produce any definite result in the direction of good order and morality, or must his daily incubation, too, be wasted upon addled eggs? Do you remember the story of the man who cut his throat because he was so tired of dressing and undressing every day? Don't shake your head—I beg pardon, your skull—you told it me yourself. I can appreciate his prejudices; but how did he know there might not be buttons and button-holes where he was going? That is, supposing he went anywhere,—if he didn't, he was wasted altogether. If he did, perhaps he was of no use when he got there. * * Millions of creatures, beautiful exceedingly, scour over the desert plains of explored Africa; in its unknown regions millions more may be supposed to feed, and gambol, and die. What is the use of them? If you come to that, what was the use of the Emperor Theodore, or the King of the Cannibal Islands, or any other potentate, who remains utterly unimpressed when we threaten 'to break off diplomatic relations'? Myriads of insects wheel about us in the sun's declining rays every summer's evening. Again, what is the use of them? What is the use of the dragon-fly, the bumble-bee, the speckled toad, the blue-nosed monkey, the unicorn, the wild elephant,—or, indeed, the Ojibbeway Indians?"

At this point "Bones" checks his companion with the reminder, "Allow me to remind you that *yours* is inadmissible, as being simply an *argumentum ad absurdum*. It would hold equally good with Leotard, Mr. Beales, or any other public exhibitor,—nay, you might advance it for the suppression of the Lord Mayor or the Archbishop of Canterbury."

Readers who relish the humour of this characteristic and favourable specimen of Mr. Whyte Melville's book may find an abundance of it in the ensuing conversations, which are not without occasional pungency and earnestness. He is so clever and expert a writer that even his "failures" must needs have marks of artistic cunning; but though "Bones and I" is neither commonplace writing nor uniformly dull reading, it will not advance its author's reputation amongst any class of readers.

NEW POETRY.

The hot weather has not dried up the sources of poetry. Of this we may be sure, as the number of poets who present their works for examination is unusually large. The books in which these experiments are made are mostly—we were going to write fortunately—small; they come from all quarters, and our table is nearly covered with them. They extend in subjects from *The Creation, Fall of Man, and other Poems* (Bennett), to *Poems written in Barracks*, by A. H. Butler (Longmans). The former professes an intention to rouse mankind

to a consciousness of a high calling, and to prove from Scripture the possibility of man's becoming part of God himself. The intention to do these things was grand; the exordium of the author in prose is pathetic to agony. For the relief of his mind, "two friends" compelled the unknown author to publish; he, though reluctant, consented, for the benefit of the species. He produced a great deal of prose in couplets, with considerate references to Holy Writ, especially to certain bards of Hebrew origin, whose verse our benevolent friend can hardly be said to have improved. Some "Occasional Pieces" which the volume before us contains are not so dull as the more pretending verses.—"Poems written in Barracks" is the work of a much better artist than those of the gentleman with the two injudicious friends. Mr. Butler has a healthier mind than the victim of consolation possesses. With a defect of taste here and there to mark lack of severity in his mind, there is much that is pretty in these "Poems." If they are not strong, they are simple.—Although not a dolorous bard, like the awakener of mankind, the author of *Carmen Rusticanum*, or *Aristyllus Hazel* (Bosworth), hopes to benefit the species, or, at least, the agricultural part, and opens his text with a lamentation on wages. Whatever may be the effect of these addresses on the bucolic brain, as to which Mr. Hazel is anything but complimentary, we fear he must climb higher on Apollo's hill before literary folks will tolerate an account of how

Emotion vaults premeditation's fence,
And lends the tongue a rugged eloquence.

As this poet ought to know that good often comes in ways unlooked for, we feel he will understand our counsel to leave off attempting to ameliorate the condition of even a part of the human race by means of such verses as these, and, if he *must* write, to cultivate the taste he shows for describing little bits of pastoral Nature. On no account would we publish again, if we were Mr. Hazel; the best intentions notwithstanding.—From the agricultural mind and its awakener to pass to a very small book, with the modest title *English Odes and Lyrics*, by Thomas Swann (Dublin, M'Glashan & Gill), seemed an easy, and by no means uncomfortable transition. Nevertheless, we soon came to these lines:

O the golden realms of wonder!
With living sapphire wrought;
Above the lurid thunder,
Beyond transcendent thought.

We thus became aware that we had fallen into the hands of a tremendous bard, who has no hesitation about telling how the

—moon to planet tingles
With splendour from afar,

and how comets pant to the caresses of the sun! Feeling that we did not understand such mysteries, although the second poem was about "Britannia," we resolved to confess our incapacity, and hastily shut the combustible little volume.

Warned by this experience, we examined the pile of poems for a few pages of placid verses, and found them in *Small Tableaux*, by the Rev. C. Turner (Macmillan & Co.), as exhibited by a scholarly taste and considerable power of realizing diverse subjects in a healthy and poetic, as well as thoughtful manner.—Similar training, with less-developed artistic skill, inferior power, and more "colour," appear in the *Lyra Devonensis* of T. Vernon Wollaston, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.).—*A Homeward Ride, and other Poems*, by Mr. C. Austen Leigh (Longmans & Co.), proves that the author has some of the Laureate's modes of versifying also, as in *Das Siegesfest*, a form of expression which Mrs. Browning rendered her own. He

has mastered these things very well, and painted many landscapes in pleasant words. His verses are workmanlike and brightly handled.—In *The Village on the Firth, and other Poems*, by Mr. P. Latimer (Hotten), some ballad-metres are frequently adapted to rendering simple and pathetic thoughts and mournful legends. A poem styled "Evening" derives—perhaps unconsciously on the author's part—much of its charm from a spirited production of Mr. Allingham's.—*Rhyme and Reason*, by Mr. S. S. Hornor (Longmans & Co.), contains much of both treasures of the human mind, but not much that will add to the stock of English poetry.—From the dedication of *An Idyll of the Weald, with other Lays and Legends*, by Mr. T. H. Noyes, jun. (Hotten), we gather that the author thinks he has achieved fame by means of a former publication of verses which, unfortunately, are not at present in our memories. Passing a considerable number of translations from the Italian, German, Greek, Latin and Provencal, we come to original verses—the "Idyll of the Weald" itself, in sonnets—and found them very well worth reading for spirit and feeling, if they were not strictly of the noblest mould of that glorious form of verse. Further, in "Occasional Lyrics," another section of this book, we found a pleasant and very sprightly copy of verses styled "We know a Garden by a Lake." If the Terling to which our author went in 1858 be the place where so many deaths have lately occurred, the inhabitants of that plague-stricken spot must be thankful for such a favourable report as appears here.—*The Mocking-Bird, and other Poems*, by Mr. F. Field (Van Voorst), comprises in its first specimens of the author's ability such a barefaced mockery of Mr. Tennyson's "Gardener's Daughter" that we suppose the title is a poor jest—a jest, if it be indeed intended for such, which is not worthy of the writer who can produce such good things as "Three Children on the Lawn," and a few others here.—*The Minster*, by Mr. R. T. Fisher (Pickering), contains many good verses, carefully written to a religious strain, and pathetic in their gravity.

Clarendon Press Series.—*The Philippic Orations of M. Tullius Cicero, with English Notes*. By the Rev. J. R. King, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.)

Mr. Forsyth, in his *Life of Cicero*, pronounces the Roman orator's Philippics to be quite equal, if not superior, to those of Demosthenes. He calls them "astonishing efforts of eloquence," and says, "nothing can exceed the beauty of the language, the rhythmical flow of the periods, and the harmony of the style." In speaking thus he only echoes the verdict of antiquity, which has been confirmed by succeeding ages. Yet, strange to say, no separate edition of them with explanatory notes has appeared for the last forty years, either in this country or on the continent, and there is no English commentary on the whole of them, except that of Mr. Long, which treats of all Cicero's orations. Mr. King has therefore supplied a real want in preparing an edition of these famous speeches against Antony, which, independently of their oratorical merits, possess an historical and biographical interest. They bring vividly before us the fluctuating and agitated condition of Rome during the period of transition, from the death of Cæsar to the formation of the second triumvirate. We see the decay of public spirit, the general want of confidence and high principle, strangely contrasting with the genuine patriotism and unflinching determination of olden times. We learn much, too, of Antony, both in his public and private capacity, for

though the portrait of him here drawn has not all the accuracy of a photograph, it is, no doubt, a likeness in the leading features. The light which these orations throw upon the character of Cicero is also valuable. They exhibit him under a more favourable aspect than he wore at any previous period of his life, not excepting even his consulship. At no other time was he so thoroughly in earnest, so truly patriotic. His hostility to Antony, like that of Demosthenes to Philip, though not unmixed with personal feeling or free from excess, was mainly caused by love of his country. Both orators spoke under the influence of strong feeling, which is one of the first essentials of real eloquence; both had a serious object in view, far beyond personal display or advancement, and both paid the penalty of their freedom of speech with death.

Mr. King has been as successful in the performance of his task, as he was happy in its selection. His edition is on the same scale, and in much the same style as those of the 'Bibliotheca Classica.' It appears to us, if anything, preferable to Long's, for students at the universities and public schools. There is less of legal technicality, but more explanatory matter bearing upon the substance of the speeches. The sequence of thought is clearly exhibited by means of summaries at frequent intervals and continual comments, so that each oration becomes a practical lesson in rhetoric, as well as a means of conveying classical knowledge. Mr. King has made excellent use of all the best sources of information, having consulted the highest authorities, both English and German, and his work may be said to be quite on a par with the most improved scholarship of the present time. He has based his text on that of Halm, deviating from it occasionally in deference to the authority of the Vatican manuscript. Great pains have been taken to verify quotations and secure accuracy of reference. The introductions prefixed to the several orations, not only prepare the mind of the reader for entering into them more thoroughly, but also impart useful historical information. As we have already intimated, the notes, which bear traces of a master's hand throughout, turn chiefly upon the subject-matter of the text, varieties of reading and points of grammar being only so far considered as they bear upon this. We could have wished the grammatical feature a little more prominent. The use of the subjunctive mood is very satisfactorily explained in some instances, but passed over in others where some remark or reference would have been useful. The volume is beautifully printed, handsomely got up, and in every respect well fitted to sustain the high character of the series to which it belongs, and for which the Delegates of the Clarendon Press are entitled to the warmest thanks of the community, in thus providing the best means and appliances for securing the maintenance and advancement of sound education among us.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Time will Tell. By N. J. N. (Dublin, Moffat & Co.; London, Hamilton, Adams & Co.)

THIS is a temperance story, full of wild romantic incidents: lost children, gipsy women, degraded parents, elopements, bigamy, mad-houses, returns of people long since considered dead to their relatives and friends, a few startling accidents and painful deathbeds, all turning upon one vice—that of drunkenness. When the characters get any intoxicating liquors, they get drunk, and sink into trouble and poverty; when they reform and become teetotalers, they grow rich and respectable again. It is not a favourable specimen of temperance literature. The intention is good, but as a work of fiction it is not worth criticism.

History of the Inquisition in every Country where its Tribunals have been established. From the Twelfth Century to the Present Time. By William Harris Rule, D.D. (Wesleyan Conference Office.)

THE author of this work is one of those gentlemen who, having got a good subject, cannot let it go. Sixteen years have elapsed since the Rev. W. H. Rule published, in two volumes, his biographical sketches of celebrated Jesuits, half a dozen in number; and now Dr. W. H. Rule supplements that not uninteresting record against Popery by a history of the Inquisition and its processes in various parts of the world. As formerly he gave the lives of Jesuits in various countries, so now he describes the Inquisition and the ways of Inquisitors in different kingdoms of the world. In these illustrations, the Italian Inquisitor is painted as more refined and statesmanlike than his colleagues in other countries. The Spaniard was insanely cruel. "The Portuguese was a Spaniard very deeply vulgarized. He could not be more cruel, but he was more disagreeably brutal in his cruelty." The Indo-Portuguese added self-indulgence to other shortcomings; and Dr. Rule assures us that "in South America the offices were in the hands of loose and low-minded individuals," void of strength of character. They were undoubtedly in strong contrast with the Jesuits in South America. Their aptitude for their missions was marvellous. With all this, the author renders justice to good and able men in a brotherhood which had its bright lights as well as terrible shadows. Dr. Rule believes that the Inquisition, not yet defunct, will come to grief in presence of civil freedom and nationality. That which it would uphold was certainly shaken at Sadova, and again by the breaking of the Concordat on the part of Austria. Ultramontanism rather impedes than helps it. In Ireland, for instance, the Ultramontane bearing of the Italianized portion of the higher branches of the priesthood only creates Roman Catholic liberals, who, with all proper respect for the clergy, are as resolute not to be priest-ridden as the Protestants are, or were, on their parts. With the *Autos* over, the dungeons open, and a spirit of freedom abroad that no Church can put down, the Inquisition in its old sense merely belongs to history. Here and there a "Popish" prelate or two in Ireland may have manifested the cold, passionless savagery which marked some of the more famous Inquisitors of old, but the spirit of Doyle and Murray is more prevalent still.

The Lakes in Sunshine; being Photographic and other Pictures of the Lake District, with Descriptive Letter-press. By James Payn. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

THERE is an introduction to this book, the bad taste of which wears the reader ere the text is begun. It is impertinent without being lively, common without simplicity, and in its would-be smartness peculiarly unapt to the modest charms of the English Lake District. A "fast" bagman—of the type which was believed to represent those who call themselves "travellers" and have taken the places of the pedlars—could not present himself as a guide to Conistone Lake and Windermere with less chance of a welcome than this writer of Harlequin English, whose jaunty thoughts are flashily expressed. Even the beauty of Lakeland, which the author enjoys after his fashion, does not suffice to suppress these tawdry coruscations of smartness, although its power is great enough to moderate their display; even in the face of Bowness the author's descriptions are mixed with jargon about "the Beloved Object," i.e. the lady whom he is pleased to fancy in the company of the tourist, while the tourist himself is styled the "Intoxicated." The owner of Belle Isle is referred to thus: "The hospitable gentleman, who permits strangers to land upon this Eden, should be owed much gratitude." The neighbourhood of this place is styled "the spooning ground." The late Prof. Wilson, captain of the literary ruffians of his day, is designated as "Kit North" and "breezy Christopher." We turn to the illustrations in photography. Here, as the camera is incapable of slang, the glory of Nature is displayed. The woodcuts

are commonplace. We hope the photographs are to be procured without the text of this book.

The Friendships of Women. By William Rounsville Alger. (Boston, U.S., Roberts Brothers.) This is a very tedious and superficial book. It is all written upon the surface, which is made smooth with rhetoric and soft words. The author goes merely into the polite literature of female friendship, and he might just as well go to epitaphs and monuments for the materials of biography. The book is laudatory throughout. There is no attempt at discrimination of incident or analysis of character; every personage is dressed up as though at a grand reception in good society; but the genuine human nature is hidden out of sight. The author tells us in his preface,—"This book is a book of goodness. It is devoted to the nurture of those benign virtues which it so plainly shows waiting on and winning the best beauty and joy in the world." In execution of this purpose, the book is written all *couleur de rose*, and without shadows. Madame de Genlis herself could not have been more beautifully sentimental. The book is divided into branches of friendship:—Friendships between Parents and Children, Mothers and Sons, Daughters and Fathers, Sisters and Brothers, Wives and Husbands, Platonic Love. This delicate chapter is long, and contains the germ of much life and character; but the short, vague, and highly-varnished accounts of the different personages mentioned make it quite worthless, except as a roll of names ancient, modern, and some still living,—the Friendships of Mothers and Daughters, of Sisters, of Woman with Woman, Pairs of Female Friends. The book concludes with a chapter 'On the Needs and Duties of Women in this age.' The materials here set forth would require the standing-room of many volumes to work them out with anything like completeness, or to make a work of any value, as the memorials of the best and most sacred acts of the lives therein mentioned. As a reward-book to young girls, Mr. Alger's work might take the place once occupied by Gregory's 'Legacy to his Daughters,' or 'The Whole Duty of Man.' It will do no harm, and would at least tell girls about books of biography which they might search for themselves.

Amleto, Principe di Danimarca, Tragedia di Shakespeare, voltata in prosa Italiana da Carlo Rusconi. Settima Edizione: col testo Inglese di riscontro. (Firenze, Successori Le Monnier.)

THE Italian lovers of literature are pleased to see the decay of that servile imitation of the French which has prevailed for some time past; and to find that Italian taste begins to prefer Desdemona and Ophelia to the questionable—or unquestionable—heroines of the Parisian stage. Leoni and Carcano had already attempted Shakespeare in Italian; but they had not much success, and it was thought that nothing but a poet of the highest rank, and no prose translator of any rank, could create a relish in Italy for the jealousy of Othello or the melancholy of Hamlet. Carlo Rusconi, well known both as a good writer and a liberal politician, has had the boldness to give translations without the poetical dress which was supposed to be indispensable in Italy. There was a scholar who declared that he never relished Homer, out of Greek, so much as in the rough Latin prose which he found in his school edition. In prose, when it preserves the poetry of the thoughts, the true medium for a foreign poet? We have heard Hayward's Faust commended on this principle; and we thought of the scholar just mentioned. Rusconi is another example: his success has been decidedly great: that is, in pleasing his countrymen. He has published seven plays in the manner of the one before us, which went through seven editions in a few years; the others through five or six. Rusconi is an elegant Italian writer of the antigallican persuasion, and an excellent English scholar. No offence to the French: there is no language but is hurt by affected following of another language of the same grade of civilization. The Fiji islanders might copy with advantage; but English, French, Italian, German, Spanish, and the like, can stand alone. The translation of Rusconi is not stilted to look like poetry by being something different from prose: his version

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Nepos
No. 75
Off the
Oppen
Pelre's
Fonton
Rawlin
Report
Roberts
Rosebu
Rusconi

of one passage will show this, "Esso svani al canto del gallo. Alcuni affermano che all' appressarsi di quella stagione, in cui è celebrata la nascita del nostro Salvatore, l'uccello dell'aurora canta tutta la notte, e dicono quindi che nessun spirito può allora errare; le notte son salubri; i pianeti non esercitano alcuna influenza funesta, i morbi vengon meno, niuna faticchiera ha potenza di ammalare, tanto grazioso è benedetto è quel tempo." We cannot understand how "no fairy takes" is turned into "i morbi vengon meno": but all the rest is good and simple. Is it that *fairy* cannot be properly rendered in Italian? The dictionary equivalent *fata* does not seem to give a notion of our word.

Siege of Washington D. C. Written expressly for Little People. By Capt. F. Colburn Adams. With Illustrations. (New York, Dick & Fitzgerald.)

SOME of Mr. Waud's illustrations are clever and humorous; but Capt. Colburn Adams is a distributor of satire that cannot be commended for justice, strength or subtlety. Little people will see nothing droll in the author's ungenerous ridicule of soldiers who, though they failed of success, did their best to overcome great difficulties. Now that the war is over right-minded citizens of the United States will exhibit their patriotism and manliness by consigning to oblivion all the petty feuds and spites of the contest. Capt. Adams's unsoldierlike endeavour to perpetuate the memory of those personal animosities and antagonisms in a book for the play-rooms of children is an offence against good taste and those rules of civility which are an important part of the practical morals of every-day life.

We have on our table *A Manual of Pastoral Visitation*, intended for the Use of the Clergy in their Visitation of the Sick and Afflicted, by a Parish Priest, dedicated by permission to His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin (Parker).—*The Devil's Miracles and how to know them*, by Philip Carlyon, M.A. (Rivingtons).—*Murby's Scripture Manual: the Gospel of St. Mark*, intended for the Use of Students preparing for Oxford and Cambridge Local and other Examinations, by a Practical Teacher (Murby).—*The Mineral Resources of Central Italy, including Geological, Historical and Commercial Notices of the Mines and Marble Quarries*, with a Supplement containing an Account of the Mineral Springs, accompanied by the most reliable Analyses, by W. P. Jervis (Stanford). Also the following New Editions: *The Golden Grove: a Choice Manual containing what is to be believed, practised, and desired or prayed for*, the Prayers being fitted to the several Days of the Week, to which is added a Guide for the Penitent, also Festival Hymns, according to the Manner of the Ancient Church, composed for the Use of the Devout, especially of Younger Persons, by Jeremy Taylor, D.D. (Parker).—*The Chandos Classics: The Poetical Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (including Recent Poems)* (Warne).—*The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott*, illustrated by F. Gilbert (Dicks).—*The Adventures of a Strolling Player, an Autobiography*, edited by Susarion (Griffin).

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Artemus Ward and Major Jack Downing, 2mo. 1/1 cl.
Arthur's Anna Lee, Maiden, Wife and Mother, 12mo. 2/1 cl.
Bacon's Essays or Counsels, Civil and Moral, 12mo. 2/6 cl. limp.
Braddon's Eleanor's Victory, cr. 8vo. 3/6 cl.
Braddon's Only a Child, cr. 8vo. 3/6 cl.
Browning's (R.) Poetical Works, Vol. 6, 6s. 5/1 cl.
Christ's Transfiguration, 12mo. 3/6 cl.
Collins's Sweet Anne Page, 3 vols. cr. 8vo. 31/6 cl.
Dashwood's The Thames to the Solent, cr. 8vo. 3/6 cl.
Day on Conic Sections, Part 1, The Ellipse, 6s. 3/6 cl.
Divine Decree and Free Will, Notes on Prophecy, cr. 8vo. 5/1 cl.
Frasca's Memoir, Recollections of a Daughter, 12mo. 2/6 cl.
Edward's Doctor Jack, 12mo. 2/6 cl.
Elliott's Playground and the Parlour, cr. 8vo. 4/1 cl.
Henderson's Picturesque "Bites" from Old Edinburgh, Photos, 12/6
Horsham, its History and Antiquities, cr. 8vo. 3/1 cl.
Hymns of Denmark, tr. by G. Tait, 6s. 4/6 cl.
Knight's Half-Hours with Best Letter- Writers, &c. 2nd Ser. 10/6
Langmead's A Screw Loose, a Novel, 3 vols. cr. 8vo. 31/6 cl.
Macleod's Treatment of Disease adopted at Ben Rhydding, 2/6 cl.
Macquoid's Wild as a Hawk, a Novel, 3 vols. cr. 8vo. 31/6 cl.
Max Müller on the Stratification of Language, 8vo. 2/6 cl.
Newton's Bible Jewels, 12mo. 2/1 cl.
Nepos, with Notes by Browning, 6s. 2/6 cl.
No. 75, Brooks Street, 12mo. 2/1 bds.
Off the Chain, by Gower, 12mo. 2/6 cl.
Oppen's German Classics, Goethe's Egmont, 6s. 2/6 cl.
Peirce's Principles and Poetry of the Wesleyans, 8vo. 15/1 cl.
Penton's Earthquakes and Volcanoes, their History, &c. 3/1 cl.
Rawlinson's Municipal Corporation Act, by Geary, 12mo. 24/1 cl.
Report of the Case of Stamp v. Sunderland, 1st/1 swd.
Robertson's Lectures on the Life and Times of Burke, cr. 8vo. 8/6
Romeo's Stories, 16 vols. 12mo. 1/1 each cl.
Rossiter's Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, 1/6, and Key, 1/6 cl.

Shenstone's Essays on Men and Manners, 12mo. 2/6 cl.
Short and Jones's County Court Acts, &c. 1868, 8vo. 31/6 cl.
Smith's Euclid at Fault, 8vo. 1/1 swd.
Smith's Round the World, a Story of Travel, 6s. 2/1 cl.
Sprague's Crown of Life, 12mo. 2/1 cl.
Story of Hermione, 6s. 3/6 cl.
Sutherland's Guide to House Decoration, cr. 8vo. 3/6 cl.
Thackeray's Works, Standard Edition, "Virginians," Vol. 2, 8vo. 7/6
Thesaurus Syriacus, ed. by Payne Smith, Part I., folio, 21/1 swd.
Thompson's How to Invest Money, 8vo. 1/1 swd.
Walking Tour in Normandy, cr. 8vo. 8/1 cl.

THINGS OF SPAIN.

THE writer of 'La Corte' objects to our remarks on that indifferently bad book, and begs leave to set the matter right in our columns. We have no reason to refuse her the opportunity which she seeks. It will be sufficient for our own justification that we answer the explanations of her letter by the accusations of her book.

"July 22, 1868.

"In the notice of 'La Corte,' in your impression of the 18th of July, there is a mistake which, I think, can only have arisen from the reviewer having confounded my book with some other recent work on Spain. He says:—'Without naming an authority, all the old scandals touching the royal family of Spain, 'Padre Claret' and 'Sor Patrocinio' are reproduced with extra coarseness, and which an English lady should have hesitated to print in a book, especially as she traduces a helpless woman, who from her position is defenceless against calumny.' Now, a reference to 'La Corte' will show that the names 'Padre Claret' and 'Sor Patrocinio' are not once mentioned in it: nor is there a single scandal, old or new, related of the Queen or any member of the royal family. At page 129, at the close of the short mention of the former, you will find the following paragraph:—'Whatever the Queen may be, however, she never had a fair chance of being an honest woman, and she is, at least, as much sinned against as sinning,' &c. You will, I am sure, do me the justice to correct the statement of your reviewer in your next issue. One word more. My critic says that I use a word which signifies a 'watchman, a candle, and the mainsail of a ship' when I wish to convey the idea of a young lady's head-dress. Though *vela* is found only to bear these significations in the dictionary of the Spanish Academy, it is the word now used by Spanish ladies to designate the light blonde veil which has superseded the silk-and-lace mantilla of a few years ago; and as these *velas* are made in Nottingham and imported into Spain, it is probable that the name, as applied to them, is an imitation of our 'veil,' in the same way that the Spaniards have adopted the word 'train,' which they spell *tren*, and pronounce as we do. THE AUTHORESS OF 'LA CORTE.'

We quote the following passages from 'La Corte,' and leave them to tell their own story:—

"He (O'Donnell) is extremely popular with the army, though no personal favourite of the Queen, as, indeed, he is not likely to be, when his first effort on coming into power is to get rid of the crowd of priests and favourites who govern her."—(p. 253.)

"Formerly she (the Queen) used to go really disguised, and mix with the rest of the revellers, taking no inactive part in the fun. They tell a story of her going once in the disguise of an officer with a military favourite of the day, and getting into a dispute with a watchman, which ended by her striking him. The man arrested her, and she was obliged to discover herself to avoid being led off to the police-station."—(p. 145.)

"Now that the time is approaching, the Queen has her bed-room hung round and decorated with a leg of St. John, an arm of St. Luke, and sundry old teeth, bones, toe-nails, and locks of hair of the saints; so that she is certain to have a good time. Our little Princess managed pretty well without any of the saints' cast-off members, but the circumstances are somewhat different."—(p. 135.)

"At the time of the African war, O'Donnell was talking to the Queen about it, and she, becoming very enthusiastic, cried out, 'Ah, if I only were a man, I would go too; and so would I,' squeaked the King."—(p. 180.)

"Whatever the Queen may be, she never had a fair chance of being an HONEST WOMAN. She

was regularly encouraged and trained in all sorts of excesses by her mother."—(p. 129.)

"One heard a few half-jeering, half-growing remarks on the position of the King, and whispered hints that the right man was not in the right place."—(p. 129.)

"The King looks like a little boy who has been very well whipped. He is always spoken of with the greatest contempt, and is called Paquito, the extreme diminutive of Francisco."—(p. 129.)

As notes, illustrating the lady's means of treating her subject with proper knowledge, we quote:—
"I am afraid I shall never learn Spanish; I have so little opportunity, or rather necessity, for speaking it."—(p. 53.)

"I do not know any Spanish ladies; and I am not very likely to do so, it appears, as it does not seem to be the custom here even for the wives of Henry's Spanish friends to call upon me."—(p. 73.)

Surely this is enough.

EDUCATION IN INDIA.

THE Government Report on the moral and material progress and condition of India for 1866-7 of course embraces education, but a very material portion of this department is so imperfectly shown that no correct view can be obtained. This partly arises from slovenliness in compiling the Report, which is a simple amalgamation of the provincial reports, the treatment of each of which is pretty much left to the fancy of the reporters, without reference to a definite model. In the North-west Provinces, it is stated that a very marked sign of the general progress of the people is observable in the increase in the number of students desirous of learning the English language, being nearly 3,600, that is, an increase from 9,757 to 13,355. The increase, it is said, has no doubt been stimulated by the prospect of obtaining government employment in the army, the railways and at the bar. This is a material fact, and yet there are no means of making out from these returns the total for India. In fact, the subject appears to be neglected; and we may observe that there is no evidence as to the progress of vernacular literature in India. Under a wholesome system, as vernacular literature increases in each language, so will the knowledge of the English language; in the same way that we see in Wales, because the desire of knowledge being stimulated by acquaintance with such books as there are in the native languages, the student is forced to resort to English, in order to obtain the information he desires. The Welshman having the same alphabet his progress is much assisted. It is not unworthy of note that our learned friends in India have paid very little regard to the popular requirements either of the natives in India or of the English in India. The application of the Roman alphabet to the languages of India is as much a necessity of progress in India as the propagation of the same alphabet is in Europe. Nothing is said of this in the Report; and we may remark that the alphabets devised, having reference to Italian and to German, to supposed scientific standards, and not to English standards, a needless impediment is thrown in the way of the student. We may observe, notwithstanding the concurrence of authority, that it is very doubtful whether there is any philological justification for the philosophical system, while there is no practical benefit from its adoption, and great practical inconvenience. The people of India are anxious to acquire the English language, but we have no evidence in this Report that the Government has got over the indisposition of its older members. To give the people of India access to the English language is one of the boons we can confer upon it, and it is a natural auxiliary to the railway, the telegraph, and the steam-engine. We are very much afraid that more attention is paid to the universities than to the general spread of enlightenment. There is too much ground to believe that, as in other countries under like circumstances, we are building up a class of political agitators, seeking to live by public offices, and disposed to prefer political intrigue to the ordinary careers of industry. Now that we are getting an increase of English merchants, engineers, and mechanics in India, it is of the more importance

the people shall be able to converse with them, and the more rapidly acquire and apply the means of moral, agricultural, and industrial improvement. The study of English has been so long neglected at home, that we ought not to be surprised that its claims in India should meet with limited attention. It has been decided that two natives of India shall be sent yearly to the Universities of London and Edinburgh by the trustees of the Gilchrist Educational Trust. The Government gives its assistance. The trustees insist on including Latin as a subject, which the Government considers will much reduce the area of competition. The progress of female education cannot be made out from the Report, but great efforts are being made in many provinces. The Government looks hopefully to an experiment of night schools in Bengal. One hundred are to be tried first, and then, if successful, five hundred. In Ajmere and Kumaon an experiment is being made of training widows as school-mistresses. A local education cess is working in Bombay, and the expenditure generally of local funds is increasing; and although information on this head is material, we think the authors of the Report have devoted too much attention to bring out an average of 1*l.* 2*s.* 10*d.* as against 1*l.* 4*s.* 3*d.*, instead of giving really essential and comprehensive information.

'ROBERT FALCONER.'

July 28, 1868.

WILL you allow me to make a statement concerning a matter somewhat affecting my literary reputation? When the closing portion of my story called 'Robert Falconer' appeared in the *Argosy* last November, I appended a note to the effect that want of space had interfered with its completeness, but that it would be published in full afterwards. In the month of June it was brought out in three volumes by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett. Of this issue a fourth part is entirely new matter, while the amount of alteration would almost justify the statement that the story had been re-written. It is not, then, altogether pleasant to find that one of the principal libraries is supplying, as 'Robert Falconer,' the monthly parts cut out of the *Argosy*, and bound by themselves.

Have I not a right, with your permission, to inform any of your readers who may be my readers as well, that I altogether refuse to have the work judged by that adumbration of it which appeared in the *Argosy*?
GEORGE MACDONALD.

POETICAL LICENCE IN ART.

July 29, 1868.

IF the question I raised regarding Mr. Carl Werner's drawing of the Mosque at Damascus were of a personal nature, the controversy should not be continued; especially as in his letter in your last issue Mr. Werner admits all I advanced. As I am writing I may, perhaps, however, be allowed to explain that when I gave him the photograph in question, I expected that if he drew it he would describe it as what it was, or at least as "a prayer-niche" without a name. It never occurred to me I should meet my Mihrab again, as belonging to Damascus, with which it has no connexion whatever.

All this, however, is quite beside the real question, which alone interests the public. This is to ascertain whether correctness in architectural delineation and description is as important as I assert it to be, or as immaterial as Carl Werner supposes.

In so far as architectural design is concerned it has been decided long ago that truth is of no importance whatever. On the contrary, a design in modern times is admired in proportion to its being a more or less perfect forgery, representing some building erected between the fifth century B.C. and the fifteenth century A.D. A building that merely supplies the wants of those who erected it, or expresses their tastes and feelings, could not be appreciated, and would find no admirer at the present day.

The recent debates and discussions, with the decision of the Judges in the competition for the New Law Courts, are final on this point. The upper classes in this country are so curiously innocent even the most rudimentary knowledge of the subject that it would take a generation at least

to educate them, supposing they desired the knowledge. But as apparently they would rather be without it, falsehood and forgery are likely to remain the watchwords of architectural design for a very long time to come.

The real point of the controversy, however, which is generally overlooked, or misunderstood, is that this system was only introduced with the Reformation in Europe. Before that time a principle of design diametrically opposed to that of modern architects prevailed everywhere, and I assert without fear of contradiction that between the erection of the first pyramid of Egypt and the building of St. Peter's at Rome the only principles of design were truth, taste and convenience. Every building erected during these 4,000 years was evolved naturally out of those which preceded it. Every one expresses not only the tastes and feelings, but records the history and the ethnographic relations of those who erected it.

If the modern system had always prevailed, Carl Werner's view of the case would be perfectly legitimate and justifiable; but as there was a time when this was not the case, I maintain that it is only fair that buildings erected during the period of truth should be truthfully delineated. If space admitted of it, few examples would illustrate these principles better than that under discussion. No such thing as Arabian architecture exists anywhere. No Arab, no Semitic race ever erected an architectural building of any importance either in Arabia or anywhere else. Wherever they went they adopted the style they found in the country, and allowed it to develop itself for their religion as it would have done for any other purpose.

At Ahmedabad, a race of Scythian Rajpoots allowed themselves to be nominally converted to the faith of the Prophet, and the plans of their buildings are according to the ordinances of his religion, but every ornament, every detail, and every feeling expressed anywhere was purely and essentially Hindû from first to last. Any one wishing to study the history, the ethnography, or the arts of the inhabitants of Ahmedabad, will find them all clearly and unmistakably expressed in their architecture, and he will find it nowhere else. What I object to is, that all this purely local art and feeling should be carried away some 2,000 miles, and planted where it never could have grown.

Even this, however, does not convey all the importance of the question; for, unless I am very much mistaken, architecture is as important as language, — in many cases more so, — for determining the ethnographic relations of one people to another; and, if this is so, it certainly is most important that all the evidence bearing on this question should be preserved as pure and as free from doubtful contingencies as possible, till the great questions depending on it are finally settled. So few, however, are aware of the importance of these questions that we should not feel either surprised or angry that Carl Werner is not of their number; but it is just because they are so little understood or appreciated that those who feel their value should try and protect them against abuse.

JAS. FERGUSON.

AN ANCIENT OYSTER.

July 27, 1868.

IT may be interesting to students of natural history to learn that a few days ago some workmen, while digging out the foundations for a warehouse in this town (Blackpool, Lancashire), came upon an oyster firmly imbedded in the clay at a depth of five feet from the surface. At the time of the discovery the oyster was alive.

CUTBERT C. GRUNDY.

WRONG NOTIONS.

Somerset House, July 27, 1868.

IN your journal of the 18th inst. is reported a "wrong notion," that the passage of a dead body through private land created a right of way. You remark that a list of wrong notions would be both useful and amusing. Towards such a list I beg to offer the following:—

That thirteen persons at table is an ill omen, — also the spilling of salt, — the bleeding of the nose,

— putting a foot into the wrong shoe, — stammering at the commencement of a speech, — breaking a mirror, — the appearance of magpies, — the ticking of the death-watch, — the withering of the bay-tree, — the crossing of our path by a hare, a squirrel, or a jay, — killing animals for food, except at the full moon, — washing hands in water which has been used by another, — and the flight of a single crow.

That to beat a child with an alder stick will check his growth, — that Friday is an unlucky day to begin anything, — that a horse-shoe fastened to the rudder of a ship will bring good fortune, — that the sun dances on Easter-day, — that crystal is congealed ice, — that a dead man weighs more than when he was alive, — that a man has one rib less than a woman, — that the tenth wave at sea is the most dangerous, — that a coffin-nail on the threshold of a chamber keeps away phantoms, — that rue prevents witchcraft, — that a bay-leaf is a preservative against thunder, — that docks boiled in the toughest meat would make it tender, — that if it rains on St. Swinith's Day it will rain, more or less, for the forty succeeding days, — that sheep should be shorn and pigs killed when the moon is at the full, — that peas and beans should be sown when it is on the wane, — that an artery goes from the wedding-ring finger to the heart, — that spirits are detected by candles burning with a blueish light, — that a strip of tallow alongside the flame betokens death, — and that the howling of a dog portends a death.

A remedy for warts: "Take a piece of twine, tie it in as many knots as you have warts, touch each wart with a knot, and then throw the twine behind your back into some place where it may soon decay, and as it decays the warts will disappear." That the left eye of a hedgehog, fried in oil, procures sleep, — that the right foot of a frog in some deer's skin cures the gout, — that the leaves of an alder-tree, on which the sun has not shone, are a cure for erysipelas, — that a rag tied to the finger- and toe-nails of a consumptive person, and then waved three times round the head, will cure him, — that the hair of a child, rolled in butter, and given to a dog, is a remedy for the whooping-cough, — that a ring made of communion money drives away convulsions, — and that the royal touch in the cure of scrofula is efficacious.

Many other "wrong notions" relating to astrology, witchcraft, oracles, vampyrism, spiritualism, and all other imposture, could be cited and exposed; but some other reader of the *Athenæum* would like, perhaps, to extend the foregoing examples of credulity.
J. HALSE.

THE MILTON EPITAPH.

6, St. James's Terrace, July 29, 1868.

THE debate on the Epitaph has come at length to turn mainly on the poetic use of the word Helicon. Helicon is a hill. In the Epitaph it is either a fountain or a stream. A poet who was also a scholar could not have made such a blunder. Milton was a scholar, ergo, he could not have written the line—

Make their own tears their Helicon.

This is the case of Mr. Harcourt and others; and those who believe in the Epitaph are bound to meet it fairly.

My answer is, Milton knew very well that Helicon was a range of hills; also that this range of hills contained the springs and streamlets of the Muses; and he used a natural licence of the poets of his time in making the one name of the sacred hill stand for the many less musical names of the sacred waters. Whether this is a right use of words is not the question now. I have to deal only with facts, and the facts are all on Milton's side.

In a few words, I shall prove that the poets knew the difference between the mount called Helicon, and the springs and streams called Aganippe and Hippocrene, Olmeius and Permessus; and that they not the less felt themselves free to speak of those springs and streams by the name of Helicon.

I begin with Edmund Spenser. Of course, the man who wrote

Not one Parnassus nor one Helicon

was aware that Helicon was the name of a hill. Yet Spenser also wrote,

Beside the silver springs of Helicon,
Making you music of heart-breaking moan.

Also,

The sacred springs of horse-foot Helicon;

a line in which the word is specifically used for the fountain of Hippocrene.

Michael Drayton addresses the river Aukor as his Helicon:—

Fair Arden, thou my Tempe art above
And thou, sweet Aukor art my Helicon.

William Browne writes

— those who by the mossy bank
Of drizzling Helicon.

Also,

Why flows not Helicon beyond her strands?

Once again,

And hail my bark anew for Helicon.

Hugh Holland writes of the poet Lydgate,—

For after Chaucer had he deeply drunk
Of Helicon as few besides have yet.

Richard Barnfield, in the Encomium of Lady Pecunia, says,

Leave Helicon, whose banks so pleasant be.

Thomas Jordan writes in 'A Royal Arbor,'

— Apollo's gone,
For whom my Muse lies drenched in Helicon.

Lastly, I cite Richard Crashaw, the learned Canon of Loretto, who writes in his 'Delights of the Muses,'

— angel-imps that swill the r throats
In cream of morning Helicon.

Again,

Following those little rills he sinks into a sea of Helicon.

And again,

Whose banks the Muses dwell upon
More than their own Helicon.

And yet again,

— try if I can make
His Lethe be my Helicon.

So far as I am aware, this practice of the poets is constant, and indeed uniform. It is of great importance to bear this fact in mind.

The use made of the word Helicon in the Epitaph is in accordance with the invariable usage of the best poets.

W. HEFORTH DIXON.

Kingston, by Shoreham, July 29, 1868.

THE scepticism with which I first read the Epitaph ascribed to Milton has been overcome by an argument, not yet submitted, as far as I know, to the students of the poem. The Epitaph appears to be authentic, but unfinished, and unpublished because it was deemed unworthy by the poet. There is an identity in the music of the Epitaph, L'Allegro and Il Penseroso. Four short-long or iambic feet following each other, in line after line, of eight syllables, produce a monotony which is varied characteristically by musicians in words like Byron, Wordsworth, and Milton. This fact may be verified by any one who will scan their lines carefully; and how Milton escapes the monotony and varies the melody of lines of octosyllabic verse, appears by scanning, or even by merely reading aloud and continuously, L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, and the Epitaph. The ear perceives the strains of one and the same musician. Every couplet in the Epitaph may be metrically matched with couplets in Il Penseroso. For example—

He whom Heaven did call away,
Out of this Hermitage of clay,

may be matched with

In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night.

And the couplet

With whom he sported ere the day
Budded forth its tender ray,

may be matched with

To behold the wand'ring moon
Riding near her highest noon.

This, then, is the argument from the metres: there are about as many lines of seven as lines of eight syllables; and as many lines beginning with trochees as lines beginning with iambs in L'Allegro and Il Penseroso; and these Miltonic peculiarities are evident in the Epitaph.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

July 23, 1868.

MILTON avoids *junction*—not *collocation*—of Christian and Heathen images in his obituary

poems. In Lycidas the passage which refers to the clerical destination of the hero is completely isolated: so is that about the "Syrian shepherdess" in the epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester. The junctions in the hymn on the Nativity are both appropriate: the heathen gods, as in Paradise Lost, are infernal spirits; and the epithet "great Pan," applied to the Infant, is allusion to a well-known early Christian story. There is never any jumble of Heathenism and Christianity; never any partnership of action.

In the epitaph, the "relics" were a "pledge" of the return of him whom Heaven had called away. This, reinforced by what is afterwards said of the "ashes," is allusion to the Christian resurrection of the body. "Meanwhile"—throughout the whole interval—Apollo puts on cypress and the Muses weep a mountain—not a fountain—of tears. "Helicon," standing alone, might well mean the fountains; but the ladies "make their own tears their Helicon."

Leaving the two-topped mount divine
To turn votaries to the shrine.

They abandon the old mountain, and make a new one of tears; leaving it doubtful—which is very unlike Milton's skill of phrase—whether they be votaries, or the mountain a missionary.

In an acknowledged epitaph, Milton says, more correctly,

Here be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in Helicon.

Poetical beauty is matter of taste, not of logic: so when people differ, it is safe to be quite positive. I say then that a person who does not feel the Miltonic music of the last couplet, as far above anything in the contested epitaph, may be trusted to make his own poetry with a prose-cutter.

Was it Milton who made the Muses weep blubbing rills before the enshrined ashes of a Christian, from death to resurrection? Was it Milton who made that resurrection, which his theology recognizes as above all effects of second cause the act of God, to be the development of "cradled principles" and "seminal forms," residing in ashes which retain a "vital tincture," "calced ashes" of a "heavenly and earthly mould," matter and quiescent life? Was it Milton who deputed God's office to the "fostering arms" of "sweet Psyche," who was to inspire a fire which was either hybrid *ætic* or dubious—and if genuine, inaccurate—*prophetic*? Was it Milton who ventured Psyche upon this solemn errand, say in the sense of the principle of life, knowing that his readers would take him to mean Mrs. Cupid, and nobody better? Can any such interlacing of things so distinct in the earnest mind of Milton be supported by parallels? Not Euclid's parallels, which never meet, but instances like those of Sacheverell's opponent, which "concur together like parallel lines, meeting in one common centre."

This wretched jumble is to me conclusive: of matters of language, I hold the following to be the strongest. Milton did not (elsewhere) deprave learned words, nor defy grammar. But in the epitaph

The thread of life untwisted is
Into its first existences;
Infant Nature cradled here
In its principles appear.

Two false plurals, one logical, one grammatical. In logical language,—and Milton wrote on logic—there might be *entitates* as many as you please, but no *existences*, to a learned ear. The metaphors are both mythologically and theologically false, in a manner which I take to be unexampled in Milton, whose images have that truth which it is of the essence of poetry that images should tell in a flash. The thread of life is always the chain of events; and never the vital combination: death does not untwist it, but it is cut short by the scissors of a lady named Atropos, whom Milton knew all about. And the resurrection is neither a retwisting of the thread, a living over again of the life, nor a regeneration or new birth. The untwisted threads of the past are deposited in a cradle to be the principles of the nature of a new infant; and this is a foreshadowing of the Christian resurrection! But I will not embark into the fundamental feature on which this question hinges.

Milton was charged with fraudulently inserting

Pamela's prayer from Sidney's Arcadia among the prayers left by Charles the First, that he might reflect on the king's memory for using "a prayer stolen word for word from the mouth of a heathen woman praying to a heathen god." The evidence was paltry, and Milton was an honest man. Many who agree, as I do, with Johnson, Bishop Newton, &c., that Milton made much of what really was nothing in a man's private devotions, will find, in the feeling which prompted the exaggeration, some presumption against Milton having fallen, not long before, into something more resembling what he imputed than occurs in his undoubted writings.

Take what passage you like out of what author you like, from Moses to Moses & Son, and there will be some internal evidence against it. But here there is *much*: and the whole effect is not convincing. The Moor said to the naval officer who showed him an Arabic Testament of English make, How is this! the words are Arabic by themselves, but they do not make Arabic when put together! Many asserted Miltonic parts do not make a Miltonic whole. Feeling, not argument, must settle the matter: but it must be the non-combatant feeling which grows after discussion has fallen asleep. However it may be settled, we shall have Psyche inspiring her *ætic* or *prophetic* fire into other fly-leaves, which will bloom and blossom [as they never did] [before]. A. DE MORGAN.

"POVERTY OF OUR LITERATURE," A CRITICAL SKETCH.

St. Petersburg, July, 1868.

THE peculiar straightforwardness of this title is typical of the cool and matter-of-course frankness with which the author informs his countrymen, in an easy off-hand way, that their literary productions are contemptible, their knowledge unsound, their taste a nonentity, and, in short, their intellectual offspring as a whole

Monstrum nullâ virtute redemptum
A vitis.

There is certainly much truth in the trite axiom of the Chinese philosopher, "He who would content all men, doth but seek ivory from rats' teeth." Here, at all events, is one native Russian who does not appear to have any great admiration for that "development of national letters" which has delighted so many of his countrymen; and it must be owned that he has at least the merit of speaking his mind freely.—There is something almost grotesque in the trenchant simplicity of the opening sentence, which, like Shakespeare's 'Marc Antony,' condemns with a single stroke; "Our literature is poor; our intellectual development meagre." This "round, unvarnished" verdict reminds us forcibly of the London market-woman who replied to the innuendoes of a rival, "Speak out, you huzzy! None of your insinuations! I own I'm both a liar and a thief; and what more have you to say? Barring that (which all the world knows), I defy you to say black's the white of my eye!" In the same way, our northern Draco says his worst at the very outset, and all that follows is merely a commentary on the text which we have quoted.

The substance of the treatise may be summed up as follows: It is presumptuous on the part of the Russians to dream of extending their literature, under the shadow of the Pan Slavist banner, to the ends of the earth, when in reality they have no literature to extend. There is in Russia a want of perception of the true principles of literature, a non-appreciation of intellectual excellence, an incapability of psychological analysis; hence the first cardinal sin of the Muscovite mind is "an imperfect acquaintance with the phenomena of mental life." Further, there is a bitter and mocking spirit abroad at present, a spirit of carping and cavilling, which uproots the veneration due to moral and intellectual superiority, and sows in its stead the tares of hasty judgment and groundless contempt; and thus is engendered the second fault of the national mind, "want of proper esteem and reverence." Thirdly, there is no established standard of criticism; hence every one does that which is right in his own eyes (and, therefore, probably wrong in every one else's); and the confused and contradictory opinions which exist re-

specting the merits of eminent native authors are calculated to excite the astonishment and contempt of all who hear them. Having thus shaken to pieces the self-complacency of his countrymen, our author seats himself amid the ruins like another Marius, and remarks with gloomy satisfaction:—"And now have we not reason to exclaim, Poor literature! poor criticism!"

All this is doubtless true enough; but we cannot help asking whether such sweeping accusations are not, on the whole, rather premature. To review either a book or a nation in a half-finished state is always a hazardous undertaking; nor is such an error by any means rare. The wicked Baron in the grim old Thuringian legend threatened his workmen with death if his banqueting-hall were not completed in an incredibly short space of time; and he paid for his rashness by being smothered in the soft mortar with which they had daubed the unfinished walls. In the same way, to accuse a semi-civilized people whose literature was in its infancy one short half-century ago, of "incapability of psychological analysis and ignorance of the principles of literature," is much the same thing as knocking down a child in order to teach it to walk without stumbling, or (in the words of Hood) "giving a man two black eyes for being blind." Again, a nation which only began to be Europeanized at the commencement of the last century may be pardoned for having "no established standard of criticism"; but even were it otherwise, what does this accusation amount to? Is there a single country in Europe, where "confused and contradictory opinions respecting the merits of eminent native authors" do not exist? What fixed agreement is there as to the merits of Pope, or Dryden, or Wordsworth? of Racine, or Chateaubriand, or Eugene Sue? of Heine, or Tieck, or Chamisso? All these men are famous, and deservedly so; but take a jury of their respective compatriots, and demand a unanimous verdict upon any one of them, and then mark for how long a time the chosen twelve will need to retire, and how often they will pronounce the fatal "We cannot agree."

To the remaining charge—that of unmeasured sarcasm—Russian literature must unquestionably plead guilty; for its severity is without disguise. "Strike, but hear!" said Themistocles, when threatened with an argument à l'Américaine; but our northern censors strike and do not hear. In prose and verse, in fiction and journalism, the sword is still uplifted, "swift to smite and never to spare." M. Turgeneff has rained fire and brimstone upon the vices and weaknesses of his countrymen. M. Minaieff's compact and glittering stanzas have fallen upon the world of fashion like hailstones. A host of minor humorists have buzzed and stung like the mosquitoes of their own marshes; and now at last comes forth a champion to satirize the satirists and to criticize the critics. This is only even-handed justice; but, nevertheless, it seems to us that the charge is somewhat too strongly enforced. The epidemic of satire which we may call "Furor Popeianus" is incidental to nations; and the earlier any nation passes through it the better. England laboured under it from 1660 to 1728; and the gravest symptoms were Wycherly and Congreve, Swift and Pope. France had it from 1715 to 1774; and the gravest symptoms were Voltaire, Diderot, and the Encyclopedists generally. Russia is labouring under it at present; and the violent external applications of such physicians as our author are only calculated to drive the disease inward, and render it incurable.

As a fair specimen of the writer's style, we select for quotation the following extract, which, whatever we may think of the statements contained in it, must be allowed the praise of being written with much boldness and energy, as well as with a degree of candour which other writers of much greater celebrity would do well to imitate:—"Whatever changes are accomplished around us—whatever forms are assumed by that toilsome, mysterious and prolonged struggle called Life—we consider naught worthy of our attention; we count all dross and folly. We look coldly upon the movements which unroll themselves on every side; we have no warm and living participation therein. And thus it is, that our second great defect is a

want of esteem and impartiality, an utter lack of all power of appreciation; and in its stead we have only the power of despising and setting at naught. The result of this is the utter absence of that feeling of individual responsibility in which alone can any hope be found when matters are at such a pass. One might think that the mere mention of our national poverty of intellect would suffice to remind each one of his own individual want, and that every man would put forth his utmost strength in order to acquire some mental treasure, and thus escape the general doom. Far from it. The rôle of judge is so easy and so alluring that all strive to find a place on the bench, forgetting that they are themselves liable to be summoned to the bar—forgetting, too, it would seem, that invitation which once abashed a group of equally austere judges:—"He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone." Men who are rich in all the treasures of intellect taunt their less fortunate brethren with their poverty and weakness; and, on the other hand, the poorest of the poor raise a howl against those who still possess some resource of mind, and still exert some power of action."

Our list of new publications for this month is a somewhat meagre one, but contains, nevertheless, several works of interest:—"From Lodging to Lodging; or, Studies of Petersburg Life," by D. Lomachevski, is a curious work on a curious subject—not undeserving of attention; "Recollections of Sport in the Forests of the Archangelsk Government," by A. Mikhailoff, deals with a comparatively untravelled region, and will doubtless be favourably received by the sporting world (no small one) of St. Petersburg; "The Financial Systems of England, France and Russia," by M. Stepánoff, is a bold undertaking, which must have demanded a vast amount of research, as well as a more than ordinary power of arrangement. Beside these, we may mention 'A Common Story,' by Ivan Gontcharoff, and 'Types of the Past,' a novel recently published at Moscow. K.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE Thames Way was opened to the public on Thursday, by Lord John Manners, Mr. W. F. Cowper, M.P., the members of the Metropolitan Board of Works, and a body of gentlemen who had been invited to assist in the ceremonial. A visit to the sewage works at Abbey Mills completing the ceremony—if ceremony it could be called. A good thing has been done; and very little fuss has been made about it.

Those who take an interest in the Miltonic controversy which has been raging so fiercely in the columns of the *Times* and elsewhere now have an opportunity of forming, with the smallest possible amount of trouble, their own opinions on the subject of the resemblance of the handwriting of the contested Epitaph with the undoubted handwriting of Milton. The far-famed manuscript lines discovered in the 1645 edition of Milton's Poems are placed side by side with the copy of Aratus, enriched with numerous marginal notes by Milton, in one of the show-cases in the King's Library in the British Museum, accessible to the general public. Along with it is placed one of the volumes recently acquired by the Museum at the sale at Christie's of the copy of the proof-sheets of Sir Walter Scott's novel of 'Woodstock,' with the numerous marginal criticisms and suggestions of James Ballantyne, and the replies and rejoinders, corrections and changes of Sir Walter. The volume lies open at the page of the third volume (page 156) at which Oliver Cromwell suddenly makes his appearance at Woodstock for the purpose of seizing Charles the Second, who, as his spies have informed him, is lurking there in disguise. The Protector begins a sanctimonious speech, which he suddenly breaks off by exclaiming, "But how is this? One hath left the room since I entered." The narrative proceeds,—"Not so, sir," replied Wildrake, stepping forward from a bay window, 'I stood but in the background out of respect.'" James Ballantyne puts a cross in the margin against this statement, and writes at the foot of the page,—"This is (apparently) irreconcilable with the fact that Wildrake had left the room, as stated at page 162,

or if it be not, there is a great want of perspicuity in the transaction." This criticism seems to have piqued Sir Walter. "Good God!" he writes underneath; "if a man goes out, can't he come back before his absence is discovered?" But he nevertheless alters the passage in the margin. This is done by inserting the words,—"Wildrake had indeed been absent for a minute or two, but he was now returned, and step'd forward from a bay window as if he had been out of sight only, not out of the apartment." The volumes of these proof-sheets have many passages equally curious, which render it a matter of congratulation that they have found a home in our national library.

Our remarks on the word *disestablishment* have elicited a reply from another Correspondent, who denies that the prefix in *establishment* is a preposition any more than in *estate*, both, like *stage*, being derived from the Latin root *stare*, through the old French, with a euphonic *e* prefixed, which, though sometimes omitted at the beginning of a word, seems indispensable after such a prefix as *dis*. That this prefix may be used before words compounded with prepositions is, he says, evident from such words as *disentangle*, *disencumber*, *disenchant*, *disinter*, *disinherit*, *disincline*, *disinclination*, and many others. It is true we say *discourage*, not *disencourage*, but this appears to him an exceptional instance.

Some of the members of the Statistical Society pride themselves upon its application "of the numerical method," as the chief, if not sole method of philosophical inquiry. An astute Fellow, Dr. Leoni Levi, unluckily applied the "numerical method" to the Society itself, and finds that, thirty-five years after its foundation, the number of its members has actually lessened. He naturally asks for an inquiry into the causes of this untoward result, and suggests reform.

Pre-historic archaeologists may be interested to hear that pit-dwellings have lately been discovered at Fisherton, near Salisbury. They resemble in most respects those found at Highfield, and contained bone-tools, sharpening-stones, &c.

Simultaneously with the meeting of the British Association at Norwich, there is to be a gathering in the same city of the International Congress of Prehistoric Archaeology for the promotion of their favourite science, for such it may be called. Mr. Busk has promised papers 'On Stone-Implementations discovered near Cape Town,' and 'On the Crania found in Caves at Gibraltar'; Mr. J. Evans is to read a paper 'On the Manufacture of Flint-Implementations,' in which he will, of course, expose the tricks and dodges of the swindlers who get a living by the making of very ancient weapons and by sham discoveries *in situ*, to which they allure the too enthusiastic collector; Col. Lane Fox is to discourse about ancient British earthworks; and half-a-dozen other zealous archaeologists will expatiate on implements and human remains from as many different parts of the world, including Brittany, Bengal, Japan and Polynesia; Mr. Tylor will illustrate prehistoric manners and customs by the manners and customs of savages of our own day. Will he include the savages who as certainly form a part of the population of London as do the ten tribes whom Southey named and described years ago? Sir John Lubbock undertakes to answer the Duke of Argyll's papers, in which he will perhaps initiate a pretty controversy; for his Grace knows how to fight and hit hard. We notice that the Congress is open to receive subscriptions or donations, and that Mr. W. Spottiswoode is their Treasurer.

Some years ago the Astronomer Royal proved, by the evidence of many years' observations at Greenwich Observatory, that there was no foundation for the popular belief that the changes of the moon produce a change in the wind. But the mass of mankind, and sailors especially, are still quite sure that the wind changes when the moon changes. Perhaps they will discover a hero in Mr. Park Harrison, a painstaking meteorologist, who has made it clear to the Astronomical Society that the heat reflected from the moon's surface does affect our atmosphere, and consequently our weather. Many persons have remarked that the sky is

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clear about the time of full moon. The explanation is, that the reflected heat being entirely absorbed by our atmospheric vapour raises the temperature of the air above the clouds, which then evaporate more freely. The difference of temperature between the greatest and least amount of heat reflected from the moon is two degrees and a fraction only; yet, small as it is, it appears to be sufficient to produce the effect of clearing our atmosphere. Mr. Harrison is too diligent a worker not to carry his investigations further.

One of the few surviving *attachés* of Lady Hester Stanhope has died at Constantinople—M. Michael Naoum, proprietor and impresario of the Italian Theatre of the same name in Pera. Naoum was of Aleppine descent, and the son of a tobacco-dealer. When a boy of fourteen or fifteen, he attracted the notice of Lady Hester, and was by her taken to Syria. He remained with her for some years, being at length dismissed for too great assiduity in feathering his nest. Of late years he claimed to rank as dragoman to Lady Hester, but according to his statement to the writer of this, his duties were miscellaneous. He had shaved Lady Hester's head more than once. On one occasion my Lady took it into her head she would have sieves made in the English style for stable use, and Naoum and his colleagues were ordered to get up sieves on pain of dismissal. Every day after dinner did he set to work with his bundle of split reeds, but they were too brittle. At last, one day he found by accident that, on being wetted, the weaving could be effected, and he accomplished his task, receiving the laudation of his mistress. He maintained his faith in her to the last day of his life. Her passport, he attested, was acknowledged by the Greek privateers during the troubled times of the war of independence, and he having been sent down to Rhodes in a coasting vessel to cash a draught was, on his return, captured; but on the production of my Lady's passport, the money was returned, and he was dismissed in safety. On his return to Constantinople Naoum engaged in various speculations, and was employed under the patronage of the Sultan Mahmoud in the fez-manufactory. His contact with the great Sultan in the olden times was never effaced from his memory. He never appeared in the presence of a Padishah even in these days of reform without a doubt as to the safety of his head, or without the alternative hope of a largess of a hundred pieces of gold. In 1831 Naoum's fine mansion in Pera was burnt in the general conflagration of that suburb; and while awaiting its reconstruction he let the ground to a troupe of Italian mountebanks. They got on so well that they turned their attention to farce and music, for which they set up a small theatre. This answered, and Naoum determined to go into the matter on his own account. Mr. Smith, of the Woods and Forests, was then there rebuilding the Palace of the English Embassy, and he engaged with Naoum in his design, furnishing the plan of, and superintending the construction of the theatre. From the time of the Crimean war, the success of the Opera increased, and Naoum had some good years, and occasionally respectable *prime donne*. On the occasion of the state visit of the present Sultan, Naoum was sent for into the retiring-room. "As I kissed the hem of the Sultan's garment," said Naoum, "I took care that my kisses should be loud and sounding, that my sovereign should know my loyalty."—"Thou hast done well," said the Sultan; "I am content with thee." As I stood there, said Naoum, I began to assume a melancholy aspect, so that the Sultan asked me what ailed me. "I am ill, sire, in promoting the amusement of my sovereign, and wish to ask a favour."—"What is it, Naoum?"—"It is permission to go to Malta to restore my health, so that I may be the better able to devote myself to the service of my sovereign."—"Be it so, Naoum; it is accorded to thee." Now, said Naoum, if the present Sultan had been like his late brother, he would have said, Naoum is ill; he is a poor man; give him 400 pieces of gold for the expenses of his voyage. But, sorrowfully lamented Naoum, the Sultan does not so spend his money now.

Priestley's Chart of Biography (1765) was much used in the last century. We happened to light

on a re-engraving of it, by an anonymous Italian. It is not dated, but is dedicated to Leopold of Tuscany; and is a very good copy. Did Priestley copy the Italian? Certainly not. Independently of his express statement that he compiled the chart from books which he named, joined to his acknowledgment that the subsequent chart of *History* was from a French original, all the English names which Priestley gives are given by the Italian, who would hardly have entered Doddridge, Calamy, Middleton, Whitfield, &c. among his divines, if his sources had been Italian.

We gladly correct our paragraph of last week about Wycliffe's works and the Delegates of the Oxford Press, though it was obtained from a source that we judged unexceptionable. We are now informed that a competent scholar is editing two volumes of Wycliffe's Homilies in English, that a selection of his Latin works is also in hand, that both are advanced in printing, and that the Delegates never intended to publish all Wycliffe's English works. This last point we sincerely hope that the Delegates will reconsider. Let them carry through the work they have rightly begun.

Under a literary Premier the Civil List pensions have been awarded in a way to which no one will object. Without exception the small sum set apart by the nation as a reward for genius and science has been really given to letters, art, and science. The following is the list:—Miss E. Southwood Smith, 60*l.*, in consideration of the valuable and gratuitous services of her father, the late Dr. Southwood Smith, in the cause of sanitary reform.—Mrs. A. W. Robertson, 100*l.*, in consideration of the services of her husband, the late Joseph Robertson, LL.D., to literature generally, but especially in the illustration of the ancient history of Scotland.—Dame L. Ellis, 60*l.*, in consideration of the services of the late Sir Samuel Ellis, Lieut.-General in the Royal Marines.—Mrs. M. Maconochie, 60*l.*, in recognition of the services of her husband, the late Captain Maconochie, R.N., in connexion with the improvement of prison discipline.—Mrs. S. Faraday (widow) and Miss J. Barnard (niece) of the late Prof. Faraday, 150*l.*, in consideration of the services rendered by him to chemical science.—Miss C. Kitto, Mrs. F. Quennell, Miss H. R. Kitto, and Miss F. E. T. Kitto, 100*l.*, in consideration of the services of their father, the late John Kitto, D.D., as a critical and theological writer.—Miss E. Hincks, Miss A. F. Hincks, and Miss B. Hincks, 100*l.*, in consideration of the services of their father, the late Edward Hincks, D.D., as an Oriental scholar.—Dame J. K. Brewster, 200*l.*, in consideration of the eminent services rendered to science by her late husband, Sir David Brewster.—Mr. J. C. W. Leech, 50*l.*, in consideration of the attainments of his father, the late John Leech, as an artist.—Miss A. R. Leech, 50*l.*, in consideration of the attainments of her father, the late John Leech, as an artist.—Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant, 100*l.*, in consideration of her contributions to literature.—Miss M. S. Rye, 70*l.*, in consideration of her services to the public, in promoting, by emigration and otherwise, the amelioration of the condition of working women.—Mr. G. T. Doo, F.R.S. 100*l.*, in consideration of his attainments as a civil engineer. It will be noted with pleasure that, with rare exceptions, the pensions have been given to the wives and children of deceased celebrities.

The drought is a sign of the times, and, along with some other facts, tends to prove Sir Isaac Newton and all who believe in him mistaken. The great philosopher and his disciples held that there was such a phenomenon as precession of the equinoxes, that the earth is flattened at the poles, and so forth; but they maintained this theory only for selfish purposes of their own, not because it was the true one. The truth is the other way. The earth, instead of being orange-shaped, has the shape of a pine-apple, and is drawn out or elongated at the poles, and is not flattened, and there is no precession of the equinoxes. And the expounder of this "true theory" warns the public that the elongation has got to such a pitch that an awful cataclysm may be looked for at any moment. The earth is about to change its centre of gravity;

Rome is to be suddenly overwhelmed, and seen no more for ever; and the whole northern hemisphere will share more or less in the tremendous disturbance. No kingdom, empire or sovereignty is worth a year's purchase. There is to be a new earth, so pervaded with currents of magnetism and electricity that the soil will be fruitful beyond the power of the liveliest imagination to conceive, and man is to live as long as the oak of the forest. The inhabitants of the northern hemisphere are urged to escape the danger by emigrating forthwith to Australia, where they will be in safety; and it is shown that this is the will of Providence; for would the gold discoveries have been made at the Antipodes if there had not been a mighty design to allure millions of people, and impel them by the hope of gain to the most multitudinous emigration the world has yet witnessed, and thus to escape the threatened catastrophe?—All this is gravely argued and published, supported by passages of Scripture, by a colonial author, who promises to bring out ere long a big book on the same overpowering subject.

Dr. Petermann has received intelligence of the German Expedition to the North Pole down to the 20th of June. The highest latitude attained by the expedition was 75° 20', from which point Greenland was in sight. The crew were in good health and spirits and the ship in excellent condition. We may remind our readers that the most northern latitude reached by Sir E. Parry in his famous boat expedition to the North Pole was 82° 35'.

According to an official report on glass-making in Italy, made by Mr. Herries, it appears that there are six glass-works in Turin; three in Genoa; four in Milan; thirteen in Florence; eleven in Naples and twenty in Venice. These fifty-eight works produce articles of the annual value of 410,000*l.* The great glass-works at Murano, near Venice, employ 5,000 persons. Among the peculiar manufactures of Venice is *aventurine*, the secret of which is said to be in the possession of a single manufacturer.

Will shortly Close.

GUSTAVE DORÉ'S FORTY GRAND PICTURES, GERMAN GALLERY, 108, New Bond Street, including his most famous Painting, 'The Triumph of Christianity,' from Ten to Six daily.—Admission, 1*l.*

THOMAS M'LEAN'S COLLECTION of High-Class Modern Pictures and Water-colour Drawings ALWAYS ON VIEW.—T. M'LEAN'S New Gallery, 7, Haymarket.

MR. MORRY'S COLLECTION of MODERN HIGH-CLASS PICTURES is ON VIEW at the Royal Exchange Fine Arts Gallery, 24, Cornhill. This Collection contains examples of Rosa Bonheur—Clarkson—Stanfield, R.A.—Meissonier—Alma-Tadema—Gérôme—Frère—Landelle—T. Faed, R.A.—John Phillip, R.A.—Leslie, R.A.—D. Roberts, R.A.—Frith, R.A.—Goodall, R.A.—Cooke, R.A.—Pickersill, R.A.—Eskine Nicol, A.R.A.—Le Jeune, A.R.A.—Ansdell, A.R.A.—Frost, A.R.A.—Pettie, A.R.A.—Yeames, A.R.A.—Dobson, A.R.A.—Cooper, A.R.A.—Gale—Mars—Liddell—George Smith—Linnell, sen.—Peter Graham—Oakes—H. W. B. Davis—Baxter. Also Drawings by Hunt, Cox, Birket Foster, Duncan, Topham, F. Walker, E. Warren, &c.—Admission on presentation of address card.

A SCIENTIFIC PUZZLE.—Exhibition Daily, at Three and Eight, of a JAPANESE MIRROR, in Professor Pepper's Lectures. The Ornaments and Characters in rilievo on the back will be reflected on to the Disc by the Oxy-hydrogen Light from the Front or Mirror Side, where they are totally invisible.—ROYAL POLYTECHNIC.

SCIENCE

First Carmichael Prize.—The Medical Profession: and its Educational and Licensing Bodies. By E. D. Mapother, M.D. (Longmans & Co.)

*Medical Education and Medical Interests; being the Essay to which was awarded the Carmichael Prize of 100*l.* by the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, 1868.* By Isaac Ashe, M.B. (Longmans & Co.)

THOUGH prize literature usually disappoints the expectations of its promoters, we incline to the opinion that the Carmichael Essays will accomplish the expressed and undeclared ends which the late Mr. Carmichael had in view when he bequeathed 3,000*l.* to the College of Surgeons in Ireland for the remuneration of writers who, in accordance with the provisions of his will, should produce critical papers on the state of medical education and practice in the United Kingdom. The chief of

the testator's undeclared purposes they will most probably achieve by preserving his memory in the annals of his profession, and reminding the doctors of successive generations that having attained eminence and wealth by the exercise of their calling he devoted a portion of his accumulations to the illustration of its story and the memory of his son. That these interests will be materially affected by the literary competitions to which the bequest will give rise we are by no means sanguine; but the present essays justify a faint hope that the Carmichael Fund will differ from most funds of its kind by being something more than a stimulant to literary amateurs and a source of gain to printers and paper-makers. In periods of tranquillity, when the waters of medical polity flow evenly between their customary banks, the successful essays will doubtless be mere things of academic form and ceremony; but at crises of exceptional agitation they will be serviceable as semi-official expressions of professional sentiment; and growing with the growth of time the series of publications will become a mass of contemporary evidence concerning a special class of affairs to which the future students and writers of our medical and social history will have recourse with confidence and gratitude.

Whatever claims Dr. Mapother and Mr. Ashe have to attention outside their strictly professional circle depend upon the fact that, whilst the present is a time of almost revolutionary commotion within the lines of the medical vocation, the disturbance arises chiefly from the discussion of questions which concern the patients quite as much as the practitioners of medicine, and are moreover of such a purely social and non-scientific kind that, whilst the intelligent layman is no less qualified than the learned physician to form an opinion upon them, their eventual settlement must be the work of the general public rather than of the doctors. Amongst these matters of controversy—on which the laity have perhaps even greater right to opinion and voice than the faculty—are the reasonableness of the professional rule which forbids a physician to take a smaller fee than a guinea; the decency and fitness of the old mode of charging by which the majority of our general practitioners make demands for the remuneration of their professional services as though they were mere vendors of medicines; and the comparative force of the arguments for and against woman's claim for admission within the pale of the medical calling. It is not too much to say that on each of those points controversy will be closed by the will of the public, rather than by the votes of the colleges. They are also questions on which the public has already declared its views with practical results.

Whilst the doctors have been debating whether a medical practitioner in the higher grades of professional rank may take less than one-and-twenty shillings for a single visit, the employers of the faculty have decided in favour of change; and physicians and surgeons of unsullied reputation have very generally conformed to the decision of society. Guineas are still paid by wealthy patients to "City doctors"; but in the western quarter of the town the sovereign fee has so far supplanted the guinea payment, that when a West-End physician or surgeon receives the old-fashioned one-and-twenty shillings fee from a visitor to his consulting-room he experiences an agreeable sense of surprise at his patient's conservative respect for an almost obsolete usage. No physician of Savile Row or Brook Street, no surgeon of Spring Gardens or the Cavendish Square thoroughfares would dream of imputing stinginess to the patient who proffered the old-world fee minus one shilling, or hesitate to accept the most valuable of our

current coins on the ground that to do so would be a breach of professional rule. Some years since the physician of the county town always received a guinea for every conference with a patient, whether the conference took place in his consulting-room or at any place not far distant from his residence; but at present no physician in provincial practice contravenes actual professional etiquette when he attends regular patients on an understanding that his remuneration per visit will be a half or even only a third of the old guinea payment. Respect for ancient custom, no doubt, is discernible in the country physician's arrangements with the frequenters of his consulting-room. He still expects a guinea whenever he meets another practitioner in consultation. From his wealthier and more important patients he continues to take the full remuneration of 21s. for each conference; but he occasions no scandal in professional circles by letting it be understood amongst his ordinary and less opulent employers that he will consider his services sufficiently rewarded with a guinea fee for every second or third visit, his other attendances during an illness being regarded as gratuitous services; and, should his action in this respect become an object of censorious comment, he would justify it by the notorious usage of many London physicians and surgeons, who, whilst never taking any single payment that is less than the established fee, are accustomed to remit their alternate fees to patients whose worldly circumstances require their medical adviser's consideration. Now that so much change has been effected in the usages of the faculty with respect to professional payment, the question is whether medical practitioners should not put their theory altogether in accordance with their conduct, and expunge from their code of professional laws a rule which society no longer observes with literal strictness, and which every practitioner holds himself at liberty to modify in special cases. So far as the emoluments of medical persons are concerned, we believe that they are injuriously affected by a regulation which, whilst it forbids a young physician to accept modest payments for his advice, instructs the public that a guinea is a sufficient fee for the leaders of the profession. If etiquette left physicians and surgeons at liberty to make their own terms with their patients, and instead of ineffectually fighting for the maintenance of a uniform scale of remuneration, allowed each practitioner to name his fees, the change would be found no less advantageous for the more eminent than for the less successful practitioners. No longer hindered in their attempts to get patients by a rule which affects young aspirants most injuriously, physicians would find an abundance of fairly lucrative employment in their earlier years of practice; and, no longer fettered by a trade regulation, which is at the same time a restriction on the earnings of the older, and a barrier to the employment of the younger, members of the faculty, the popular and greatly-successful physician would demand a higher fee than his present remuneration, which is an inadequate payment for a conference with the Queen's physician or the serjeant-surgeon. In vain we look for reasonable grounds for the fear that the profession would suffer either in dignity or emolument by such a relaxation of etiquette as should leave the young physician at liberty to take fees much lower, and place the old physician in a position to demand fees much higher, than the payments now generally made for medical service. So far as this liberty exists within the lines of the profession, it is fraught with pecuniary profit to practitioners of all

classes, and is attended with no loss of prestige to the entire profession. Fashionable dentists flourish on guinea fees in the western quarters of the town, though any sufferer from tooth-ache may find a sufficiently skilful operator ready to extract his peccant tooth for half-a-crown. The obstetric physician who enjoys the favour and confidence of peeresses is none the less secure of his social position and large income because general practitioners of the humbler grades attend other females for a few shillings.

Upon these and other proposals for reform Dr. Mapother is almost silent. Taking a survey of the medical profession in past times, he writes intelligently, and with something of a gossip-monger's lightness about doctors and charlatans who have long since ceased from their honourable labours or successful knavery; and though he complies with Mr. Carmichael's testamentary stipulations by giving a fairly comprehensive picture of our present system of medical education, he seems to regard existing arrangements with a complacency that is only faintly qualified by disapproval. Mr. Ashe, on the other hand, is a reformer who exposes the defects in the scholastic system and the weak points in the etiquette of his profession, and whilst urging the amendment of the former insists on the necessity of revising the code of laws to which honourable practitioners are required to render submission. For the most part, his suggestions are judicious and well put, but he not seldom diminishes the effect of his recommendations by arguments that savour of misapprehension. His remarks on physicians' fees, though for the most part shrewd and sensible, are not free from confusion and inaccuracy; and though he is quite right in holding that general practitioners should relinquish their antiquated and undignified usage of charging for their services in the form of bills for medicines, we do not think that the adoption of a preferable mode of account-keeping would have any perceptible result on the social status of the individual medical practitioner. "As regards position," the essayist urges, "we may remark that the gentry look upon the clergy as their social equals; that they look upon the members of the bar as their social equals; nay, more, that they regard a certain portion of our profession in the same light. Which portion, then? And why not all of our members? That portion, we reply, which regards our profession as a profession strictly, and not as a compound of a profession and a trade; and those of our body are excluded from such a status who accept the compromise, and add the business of a trade, the sale of medicines, to the practice of their profession." The considerations, social and political, which give a liberally benefited clergyman superiority of position over the average general practitioner are so weighty and obvious that there is no need to account for the doctor's inferiority by reference to the mode in which he makes out his bills. So, also, the higher respect accorded by society to physicians and pure surgeons is a homage to the excellence of culture, style and attainments which, in most instances, distinguishes them from practitioners in the inferior grades. It is a genuine deference to the intellectual power and acceptable manners of our superior professors of medicine and surgery, and it would be rendered just as ungrudgingly to convert practitioners if they were, as a class, distinguished to the same degree by the more valuable qualities. Under present circumstances, the status of the individual general practitioner depends very much upon his personal qualities, and not at all on the mode in which he demands remuneration for professional

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services. In the total absence of political reasons for countenancing him as a unit in an important political connexion, he is esteemed or disesteemed by good society in proportion as he is estimable or the reverse. If he is a man of gentle nature and breeding, he is received by the gentry of his neighbourhood as one of themselves; on the other hand, if his tone and manners are not in harmony with the culture and style of superior society, he is left to find his daily companions amongst the persons whom he most closely resembles. The case will be the same—and there is no reason why it should be altered—when he and his brethren in the lower grades of medical practice shall have ceased to charge for medicines, instead of medical attendance, after the fashion of the drug-dealers of James the First's London.

FINE ARTS

Sacred Archaeology: a Popular Dictionary of Ecclesiastical Art and Institutions, from Primitive to Modern Times. By Mackenzie E. C. Walcott. (Reeve & Co.)

IN undertaking to supply a dictionary of Christian archaeology, the Rev. Mr. M. E. C. Walcott set before himself a giant's task—one which needed very much to be done, and could hardly be achieved in a satisfactory manner by a single hand. To supply a succinct and systematic glossary of that multitude of ecclesiastical terms which grew up in the earlier, middle, and recent centuries of Christian use, would be enough to tax the learning and energies of a man who had little else to do during several years.

Mr. Walcott falls short of the requirements of such an office as he has assumed, and his book bears an abundant crop of errors; but such shortcomings and errors are fewer than any one ought to expect in such a work as this. We, as in critical duty bound, searched his text with sharpness, and to the general result which has been stated. Many times we thought him tripping, slipping, or sleeping; but it is to the author's honour to state that, in the majority of cases, we found the information sought under other heads than those under which we inquired; also that some of what we primarily believed to be his slips were guarded by generalizing or qualifying statements, such as are inevitable in a work of this kind. On this point, it will be well if another edition enables Mr. Walcott to be more exact, as the corrections by critical hands, which his preface invokes, will, if liberally afforded, enable him to be, and at the same time reduce these generalizations to as small a number as possible. As to the arranging of matter under heads where we did not, as others might not, expect to find it, it is very much a point for the author's judgment, and to be done ill or well according to the quality of that judgment. The user of 'Sacred Archaeology' will, ere abandoning a search, do well, in deference to Mr. Walcott's mode of disposing his matter, to refer to the supplementary index of synonyms and minor terms with which the book concludes. By this means the student will often get what he wants. In illustration, take our own experience in looking for what ought to be written about "Weepers," and judge our temporary disappointment at finding nothing more than a few expository words, thus:—"The class who lay in the porch weeping, and beseeching the prayers of all who entered." Amazed, we doubted "who" formed the "class" referred to. We asked, in the porch of what building did they lie, and why did they implore prayers? Knowing the "class"

to be really an order of penitents, we turned to the book again for an account of the companion order, the so-called "hearers," and found nothing about them. With better, but not the best fortune, we consulted the supplementary index, and got a reference to the general article on "Effigies," or those tomb-statues around some of which, in the Middle Ages, human figures, large or small, were commonly arranged. To these our first inquiry pointed, because they are commonly known as "weepers." Under "Effigies," then—no unapt place, although certainly not the fittest—is some information of the sort, such as inquirers like ourselves might seek. But the matter in this case—an unusual one, however—is badly arranged, as any one may see who compares the conclusions of the second and third paragraphs of the article. Thus we got much less than we expected, but still something that might have sufficed to a general and rather lax inquirer. As some exceptional cases are given of the uses of these curious figures, we present to Mr. Walcott, as the first instalment of which those who wish well to his book will make many, another very curious example of "weepers," by a monument recalling to his memory the strangely-placed figures of kneeling monks, which, on the tomb of Sir Giles Daubeny, St. Paul's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, are placed on the soles of the knight's upturned sabots. Among small errors, of which a new edition may admit correction, is the statement about one of the exceptional appearances of "weepers," that of those with the monument of Sir Francis Vere, of which it is written that they bear the armour of the deceased on a "litter"; it should be "bier," or "canopy." Again, the name of the general who is thus commemorated was not "De Vere." In the article 'Paradise,' reference should be made to "Parvis." We should add to the examples of 'Crosses for Preaching' a note about the curious example at Iron Acton, Gloucestershire, which retains its characteristic *appui*, or elbow-rest, for the preacher. It is not true that the so-called "Eleanor Crosses"—which, by the way, should be noted under "Memorial Cross," not in a general article, were erected by Edward the First. They were built by the executors of the queen. Why is not the article 'Wayside Cross' (p. 610) classed with its relatives 'Memorial,' 'Market,' 'Preaching,' 'Consecration,' 'Spire,' and 'Pectoral' services (pp. 194, 5, 6, 7)? To the account of crosses that were worn should be added those which the Greek patriarchs bore above their cowls. Is it certain that the cross-legged effigies of knights "represent those who had taken the vow of a crusader or pilgrim; those whose hands are drawing their swords were actually engaged in the holy war" (p. 248)? Have these old questions been at last answered in the affirmative? If so, how about the cross-legged figures of ladies? Why is the term "*Avoué*" left unexplained?

We have made these suggestions rather with the hope of doing justice to our readers, who must be greatly indebted to Mr. Walcott for this book, and in compliance with his invitation rather than in the spirit of inconsiderate censors. Considering the circumstances, he has done astonishingly well with a prodigious task; and we gladly commend this work to the general student as a book of reference which is good, although it needs to be made better,—to the archaeologist for common use, and with a view to its improvement.

THE SLADE BEQUEST TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THIS collection of Art works in glass, which has just been opened to the public, temporarily occupies thirteen cases in the Second Egyptian Room, com-

prises about a thousand specimens, and illustrates the history of glass-making from the presumed origin of the art in Egypt to a recent time. Two cases are devoted to ancient glass: here are some of the curious polychrome vases so often found in tombs on the shores of the Mediterranean, and are probably Phœnician. Greece is but scantily represented, if at all. The Romans seem to have been great glass-makers, although they borrowed some of their more elaborate processes from Egypt. To the Egyptian influence may, no doubt, be referred the curious bowls imitating madrepore, of which there are whole specimens and fragments from the ruins of Rome. It was formerly thought that the Romans were ignorant of the art of cutting glass, but here are good imitations of rock-crystal cut in small oval facets; two very rare and remarkable bowls have been engraved with figures,—on one is a man sculpturing a *stèle*, while a female who reclines near a temple is playing on a sistrum; the other specimen is of later date, but is still more curious,—it represents Diana surprised by Actæon; the goddess is kneeling near a pool, and a reflexion of Actæon appears in the water; this latter came from a tomb in Saxony. Many of the works exhibit iridescent colours.

The choicest specimens of antique glass are, however, to be found in two flat cases in the centre of the room. In these are one or two undoubted Egyptian specimens, a number of pretty Phœnician bottles of sundry forms and hues, and a remarkable assemblage of vases blown in moulds, with patterns in relief; these have generally been found in the Greek islands and Syria, and were probably made in the latter country while under the Romans. The mosaics of the Roman and Alexandrine artists are fully represented; the extreme minuteness of the patterns is due to the rods having been heated and drawn out after the patterns had been formed as they were placed in a sheaf. Among the more remarkable specimens are a long bottle, variegated with blue, green, and gold; a boat-shaped vase of dark green glass; and the remains of a flat glass dish with gilt decoration, on which may be discerned Early Christian subjects. The last was found at Cologne.

Two cases are devoted to German and miscellaneous specimens of glass. The most beautiful production of Germany is the ruby glass, said to have been invented by Kunckel in the seventeenth century,—his hues, at any rate, seem never to have been equalled. The Germans were great engravers on glass, though in a heavy style. The Dutch ornamented their drinking-glasses with etched and engraved designs; the collection exhibits some good specimens.

Among the miscellaneous specimens of glass the most important are Oriental. The Arabs continued the manufactures of the Byzantines; their products are now rare and highly esteemed, and date from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century. The collection includes a lamp made for the Egyptian Emir, Sheykho, who died in 1335, as well as a bottle of elegant form and decoration. The later specimens of Oriental glass consist of a Persian ewer and bowl, richly gilt, and of several Chinese examples; the latter are generally imitations of hard stones, and so closely resemble the originals as sometimes to deceive experienced lapidaries. The specimens of French and English glass seem to be few in number, and the latter to be somewhat doubtful; under a shade may, however, be noticed a very rare French drinking-glass of the commencement of the sixteenth century, with an enamelled painting representing Jean Boucault and his wife.

In the next two cases we find the commencement of the Venetian series, the greatest of the glass works of more recent times. These cases exhibit principally the mode of decorating in opaque white filaments, or *laticinio*, for which Venice was famous, and which was applied in different ways. Sometimes plain white stripes appear in parallel lines, or bands of various filigree patterns have been arranged so as to produce the effect of lace; at other times the surface is composed of a very regular trellis, inclosing at each intersection a small bubble of air. The last of these processes is the most remarkable. In the same cases are a few examples of opalescent and opaque white glass; the colour of the former

is said to be due to arsenic, and the latter to tin.

Here are early products of Venice in the shapes of bowls, dishes, and ewers of white glass, massive in form, and decorated with enamel and gold. These bear armorials, and thus fix their dates and indicate the progress of the art. Among the armorials are the shields of Leonardo Loredano, Doge of Venice (1501—1521), his contemporaries Pope Leo the Tenth, and Carretto, Grand-Master of St. John. The coloured specimens have every variety of hue, but blue and green predominate; the white glass is distinguished by the greatest elegance of form, though rarely attaining that perfect transparency which is sought for by common modern glass-makers, and it is never disfigured by cutting.

Among minor varieties of glass-making may be noticed specimens of Millefiori and Schmelz; these are generally more curious than beautiful, and the Millefiori are not equal to the Roman works from which they were imitated.

Under glass shades are three of the choicest of the Venetian vessels; one of these is a blue goblet of the fifteenth century, around which is enamelled a fantastic procession; another is a green goblet, with enamelled medallions representing a lady and her lover; his motto is, "Love requires Faith." These two goblets form part of the Debruge and Soltykoff collections. The largest, and perhaps earliest, specimen of enamelled glass is a standing covered cup of Gothic form, with raised gilt ribs.

An elaborate catalogue of the collection, profusely illustrated, has been for some time in preparation. The collection is said to have cost about 8,000*l.*, and a further sum is to be expended in making additions. By the acquisition of this series the British Museum, already rich in the earlier products of the vitreous art, stands unrivalled in this respect.

We should not omit to notice a few miscellaneous works of Art which likewise form part of Mr. Slade's bequest, and which are for the present in a separate case; these include two exquisite jugs of Greek earthenware belonging to the best period of vase-painting, a very fine tazza from the Rogers collection, two Roman vases of so-called Samian ware, and an antique crystal hand. There is also a remarkable enamelled plaque, which we remember to have seen in more than one exhibition of mediæval Art, a fine majolica bottle, and a quaint series of Japanese carvings in ivory.

The authorities of the Museum have done well in exhibiting, for the present separately, the bequest of Mr. Slade; we are thus enabled to judge of its magnificence. May his example find followers.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.

THE death of one of our ablest book-illustrators is announced as having taken place on Tuesday last, at Boulogne. This refers to Mr. George Housman Thomas, who, after an apprenticeship in England, began his professional career in Paris in 1846, and, having removed to the United States, was extensively employed there—among other modes, in that of designing bank-notes. After a short sojourn in that country, his health compelled a return to Europe. He studied two years in Italy, and made his *début* as an artist in England with a picture which was exhibited at the British Institution. His connexion with the *Illustrated London News* spread his reputation with us. Her Majesty commissioned him to paint the 'Distribution of the Crimean Medals' in 1854, and from that date he was frequently employed by the same royal lady. Mr. Thomas occasionally exhibited at the Royal Academy. It is proposed to exhibit the whole of the deceased artist's works together, so as to enable the public to judge of his ability in art. Mr. Thomas was forty-four years of age at the date of his death, and by his amiability of disposition had won the affection of a large number of friends.

The obituary of last week notes the death, on the 24th of July, of George Cattermole, water-colour painter, one of the oldest artists connected with the Society of Painters in Water Colours, of which he was elected a member in 1839, after passing through a rather short stage of Associateship

with the body in the gallery of which his works constantly appeared until 1851, when he resigned his position. Like many—we might write most—of the successful practitioners of his craft, G. Cattermole began his life as a topographical draughtsman. The same may be averred of Turner, William Hunt and others. His first appearance was when only sixteen years of age as a draughtsman for Britton's 'English Cathedrals.' Born at Dickleburgh, near Diss, Norfolk, in the year 1800, he was consequently sixty-eight years of age at the time of his death, and noteworthy among a host of clever artists for the faculty of telling stories in a dramatic and pictorial manner. This he did in countless designs for "Annals," to the illustrating of which his attention was turned after freeing himself from the topographical studies of early life. Apart from these productions this artist's ingenuity and industry had been exercised in the illustration of the Waverley Novels, and the 'Historical Annual' of the Rev. R. Cattermole, his brother. After his resignation of the honours of the "Society" his attention was chiefly given to painting in oil. He obtained a medal of the first class at the Universal Exhibition, Paris, 1855, was a member of the Academy of Amsterdam, and of the Belgian Society of Water-Colour Painters. Several of his pictures are now at South Kensington. Among them 'Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh about to shoot the Regent Murray,' 'The Armourer's Tale,' &c.

Our national collections of works of Art are receiving considerable accessions by gifts and bequests from collectors and amateurs. One liberal act begets another, as is apparent from the example of the Slade bequest, being followed by a donation from Mr. S. Addington to the British Museum of three beautiful "Etruscan" vases of the archaic period, or rather of the time which produced the more severely elegant forms of vessels of this order. These works are perfect. The most important of them, which Mr. Addington bought at Rogers's sale for 170*l.* 5*s.*, has interest as comprising a representation of maidens going with empty water-jars to the fountain of Callirhoe and returning therefrom with the vessels filled and placed upright on their heads. The name of the fountain is written—here is the peculiarity—close to its picture on the vase. The National Gallery, British School, will shortly be increased by means of the bequest of the late Mr. Fraser, of Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park. This bequest consists of ten pictures and drawings, as follows: 'A View by the Seaside,' by Mr. E. W. Cooke; 'A Portrait,' by Madame H. Browne; four drawings by William Hunt; 'A Peasant Girl,' 1839; 'A Young Water Carrier,' with pails, 1839; 'Apples, Apricots, and Peaches, and Black and White Grapes,' 'A Cow and two Sheep,' by Mr. T. S. Cooper; a Drawing by Mr. B. Foster, styled 'A Farm House'; and two of D. Roberts's productions.

We have received from "The Crystal Palace Doré Art-Union," a series of "fac-simile" chromolithographs from those drawings which M. Doré made to illustrate 'Elaine'; these, although exhibiting the roughness of M. Doré's handicraft, are in some cases quite as valuable as the published woodcuts from the same originals; in other instances they are inferior to the engravings, which, although they may not be fac-similes, and thus are less nearly autographic productions of the designer, have been improved by the copyist. On the whole, these "fac-similes" will please those, among whom we are not, who admire the artist without finching.

Here is a list of specimens recently added to the Prints and Drawings, British Museum, acquired chiefly at the sales of the late Sir J. Hippesley and Mr. C. Palmer, by means of a special grant of 2,000*l.* made by the present Government.—*Italian:* Titian, Cupid with an Eagle, from the Lawrence and Coningham collections; Giorgione, two young men seated, one of whom is in the act of drawing (exhibited at Manchester, 1857); B. Bandinelli, his studio, engraved; a brilliant proof of the Bacchante Frieze, by M. Antonio; Portrait of Paul the Third, A. Veneziano; St. Jerome, A. Carracci; A selection of Braun's carbon prints after drawings by Fra Bartolommeo, Raphael, Michael Angelo,

Leonardo da Vinci, Titian and Correggio, of the Italian School; and of the German School, Schongauer, Cranach, Wolgemuth, H. Burgmaier, Holbein, Dürer, Gruen, Pencz, Aldegrever, Beham and others.—*German:* A unique print of St. George slaying the Dragon, by the Master of the year 1488 (this engraver began and finished all his plates with the dry point, so that but few impressions could be made from them); A beautiful early impression before all letters of the proof of F. C. Müller's celebrated print of 'St. John,' after Domenichino; A curious early proof of Raphael's 'Madonna di San Sisto,' by the same engraver.—*Dutch:* A fine drawing of goats' heads by W. Van de Velde; an etching by Rembrandt representing the painter resting on a window-sill (this specimen is of an early and very rare kind, probably the first impression from the plate; it has been drawn upon by Rembrandt to indicate alterations which were afterwards made with the dry point); A brilliant impression of the 'Treaty of Munster,' by Snyderhoef, after Terburg, and a proof of 'The Soldiers quarrelling,' by the same masters.—*French:* Two very beautiful and important drawings in red chalk by Watteau of male and female figures; some undescribed proofs of George Wille's exquisite engravings, containing amongst others 'Le jeune Joueur d'Instrument,' 'L'Observateur Distrain,' and 'La Ménagerie Hollandaise'; A curious proof of 'La Vierge au bas-relief,' after Raphael, by Foster; a proof of 'Leonidas,' after David, by J. M. Jaugier; also a proof of 'The Rape of the Sabines,' by R. U. Massard, after the same; A proof by Richomme, with the remark, from Carracci's celebrated picture of 'Silence.'—*English:* Strange, Unique proofs of some of his finer works, 'The Holy Family' with St. Jerome, Correggio; 'The Annunciation,' Guido; 'Sappho,' after Dolci; 'Venus and Adonis,' Titian; 'Judgment of Hercules,' N. Poussin; 'The Horn Book,' after Schidone. Woollett, upwards of one hundred examples of his best productions in various states, with some touched proofs and early works, address-cards and watch-papers, with drawings by William Pars and Thomas Hearn, from which he engraved some of his plates. A collection of 350 proofs and prints by Bartolozzi and his scholars. Fifty-seven fine mezzotints of the middle and end of the last century, by V. Green, R. Earom, W. Pether, G. P. Stubbs, J. Watson and others, amongst which are proofs of 'The Iron Forge,' 'The Blacksmith's Shop' and of 'The Model,' after Wright.—The Hawkins Collection of more than 7,000 satirical prints and caricatures. Beginning with the now rare prints of the reigns of James the First and his Stuart successors, in which they are particularly rich, they carry us uninterruptedly to our own date, rarely omitting subjects of interest to the historian, and assisting not a little in the elucidation of the political narratives of their day. A collection of 1,360 portraits of eminent men and women, principally of this nation. Many of these are in very fine and rare states.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

The Master Singers of Nuremberg, &c.—[Die Meister-Singer von Nürnberg, von R. Wagner]. Pianoforte Score. (Schott & Co.)

"Comique comme un cerueil" was the criticism passed by the jovial and witty Lablache on the dreary and hard-working would-be *buffo*, Signor Rovere. "Clotted nonsense" was Johnson's terse designation of some wonderful piece of bombast, not relieved by the presence of an idea. Either the French or the English motto might fitly be applied to the published opera of which some account is here attempted.

No doubt the guilds of Germany (to use the word in its wide sense), with their jolly old usages, furnish material for illustration, whether the same be archaeological or simply picturesque. But, considered with reference to the purposes and conventions of the theatre (especially if that be an opera theatre), the aforesaid guilds and their attendant usages must be divested of that hearty coarseness which was part and parcel of their reality. There is but one consequence to such a process—let

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enthusiasts take it as they will—a compromise betwixt what is naked and bare and rough and what is presentable to a mixed audience. Those who hear such an opera as 'Die Meister-Singer' are a far different folk from those who stand before such hard, unsympathetic *daguerreotype* pictures of past scenes and festivities as those of Baron Leya. An opera, as the most conventional of all theatrical entertainments, cannot be antiquarian without peril. But Herr Wagner, with all his prodigious affectations, is no purist. The villifier of symmetrical melody, as it has pleased him to be, he can still use it under his own conditions as shamelessly as the veriest tune-spinner of the south. In this 'Meister-Singer' the tenor is allowed to have two melodies, as regular as if a reprobate Rossini had thrown them off. The second is repeated *usque ad nauseam*. Hans Sachs himself fares worse. Surely he might have been allowed a song about the cobbler's craft, to match the astounding howl of the tailors in the penultimate scene. There is a certain bustle in what may be called the Scholars' Chorus (p. 46, &c.), but the movement wanders away into grim platitude. The great March which is announced at the commencement of the Overture is pompously empty as compared with the Pilgrims' tune, which, so to say, inaugurates 'Tannhäuser.' Again, there is here nothing to compare with the Spinning Chorus in 'Die Fliegende Holländer,' or with what may be called the parade scene in 'Lohengrin.' On the other hand, there is an attempt to conceal poverty of invention by persistence of treatment. Those who examine this score will be surprised, recollecting Herr Wagner's inflated condemnation of all mechanical practices by a frequency of recourse on his part to the device *alla Rosalia* which, supposing the same to have come from an Italian hand, would have been anathematized with the bitterest gall which can harbour in a charlatan's ink-bottle. There is a waltz to be danced to, which might have been put on paper at random. What a difference from Weber's dance tunes! But Herr Wagner (so runs the evangel of the fanatics) has splendidly wrought out all that the author of 'Der Freischütz,' 'Preciosa,' 'Euryanthe,' 'Oberon,' left in an embryo state, as regards the individuality, health and estate of German opera. Those who are less enthusiastic cannot but remember the phrase, "whittings' eyes for pearls," as applicable to the new reformer when compared with his predecessors.

Of the instrumental effects which this strange, overwrought work may contain it is impossible to speak. The opera can hardly hope for many representations, since it is only to be shown at Munich, after the vast care and cost invested in its production, on "high days and holidays." It is, however, to be produced at Dresden, and, should the time serve, some account of its effect as a stage-work may be offered.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.—The operatic season will expire to-night, Drury Lane being announced to close its doors with what is called a "combined entertainment," for the benefit of Mdle. Tietjens. The past week, indeed, has been chiefly taken up by so-called "benefits," and nothing noteworthy has happened except the appearance of Madame Trebelli-Bettini in the last act of 'La Favorita,' and the *début* of a Signor Bulterini, a tenor of some promise. The season just closed at Drury Lane has been in one respect remarkable,—it has displayed at its best the extraordinary activity which, whether for right or wrong, is the most conspicuous characteristic of theatrical management in England. Deprived of his own theatre by fire, Mr. Mapleson flattered himself with the idea that the management of Covent Garden would fall into his hands. At the last moment this scheme fell through, and he found himself homeless. He was far from being hopeless, however; and having secured Drury Lane, he completely transformed the house in arrangement as well as in appearance within a week. Notwithstanding his lack of preparation and the want of almost all the requirements of an operatic speculation, he has actually succeeded in "mounting" with due effect all the most important operas of his former *répertoire*. So much for English activity. But we can praise Mr. Mapleson

for something more. Every opera brought out has been carefully rehearsed, and the musical necessities of a lyric drama have been held in higher esteem than the scenic. His company, moreover, has been evenly balanced, and his second-rate singers have been remarkably capable and unusually willing. In this way it has come to pass that many operas having a large number of *dramatis personæ* have been better represented at Drury Lane than at the rival establishment. There is reason, indeed, to hope that Mr. Mapleson has seen the error of his ways, and that he is resolved for the future to do justice to himself. The principal obstacles to his complete success have hitherto been the inferiority of his chorus, and his determination to assign all the first *soprano* parts of every description to one lady. Last year he showed an inclination to make an alteration in both these matters, and in the season just closed he has made a further step in the right direction. His chorus has been excellent, and the lady monopolist of his troupe has abandoned all the characters for which she is unfitted. Mdle. Tietjens has had more than one warning this season that not even the strongest *physique* can withstand incessant wear and tear, but she is still our only exponent of such characters as *Fidelio*, *Donna Anna*, and *Medea*. It is to be hoped that her health will be benefited by the enforced rest caused by the extraordinary success of her younger rival, Mdle. Nilsson, who seems bent upon retaining by means of zeal and industry the hold which her personal appearance first gained over her audiences. She is by no means perfect as yet, but there is in Mdle. Nilsson the making of a very fine singer. There is much merit in Mdle. Kellogg, and there would be still more promise in her were it not that she is like to be spoilt by too much applause. It is cruel kindness to flatter a young lady into the belief that she is already qualified for the position into which she happens to have stumbled. In Madame Trebelli-Bettini Mr. Mapleson is fortunate in having the most trustworthy of stage-contraltos, and in Mdle. Sinico a brilliant second lady, who on an emergency may take the place of *prima donna*. Mr. Santley, already the best baritone on the Italian or English stage, continues steadily to improve, while Signor Foli, a genuine *basso*, also makes rapid progress upward. In his new tenors, to class the veteran Signor Fraschini in that category, the manager has been rather unfortunate; but he has Signor Bettini, a clever, weak-voiced singer, and Signor Mongini, an indiscreet possessor of a splendid organ, to fall back upon. Altogether it is an excellent working company, capable of doing good service to music. Mr. Mapleson has effected this year all that he could reasonably be expected to compass. Should he be able to enter next year into the edifice which is already rising on the ruins of the old house with mushroom-like rapidity, he must mark the opening of a new theatre by some revival of deep interest.

QUEEN'S.—The reverse of the rule which decrees that in matters of taste the opinions of a cultivated minority shall in time become those of the majority holds true of theatrical affairs. An inundation from below has swamped the tastes of the upper and educated classes, and entertainments once characteristic of popular and suburban theatres are now exhibited at almost all West End houses. Seldom has the theatrical look-out been less satisfactory than at present. To the St. James's Mdle. Schneider's extravagances and improprieties have attracted more fashionable audiences than the theatrical annals of the present generation can parallel. At the Holborn Amphitheatre trapeze performances, the most dangerous and disgusting yet exhibited, are nightly witnessed by crowds. At the Queen's—a house opened avowedly for the production of comedy and high-class drama—a melo-drama of almost unexampled extravagance and absurdity is now being performed.

The 'Lancashire Lass' is the title of Mr. H. J. Byron's play, in four acts and a prologue, produced on Friday, last week, at the last-named theatre. In the opening of this piece some signs of an attempt at characterization are traceable; but, after this preliminary amble, Mr. Byron falls into

the jog-trot of melo-drama. One after another the familiar characters shuffle on to the scene. First comes the village maiden; a fashionable seducer and a rustic lover follow; and a little in the background stand the heroine's rival and her broken-hearted father. When to these characters are added a rich and honoured merchant, who is a returned convict; a second convict, poor and unscrupulous, drawing from his former associate large sums of money as the price of secrecy, the materials for melo-drama are complete. Throw into this brewage a sprinkling of detectives, bush-rangers, and the like, to

—make the gruel thick and slab, and one may predict how the whole will work.

How it does work is as follows. *Ruth Kirby*, the heroine, prompted by *Kate Garstone*, her secret rival in the affections of *Ned Clayton*, a low-born lover, writes accepting a proposal of flight from *Robert Redburn*, a villain of fashionable manners and exterior, who has obtained an influence over her. *Spotty*, a half-witted lad, takes charge of the letter, and allows it to fall into the hands of *Kirby*, the heroine's father. By a ruse not destitute of ingenuity, Clayton saves the girl from the consequences of her rashness. He then proceeds to Liverpool, whither he is followed by the principal characters of the drama. Thus far is prologue. In the play, *Redburn* is anxious to marry the daughter of one *Danville*, millionaire and ex-convict. His chance seems but poor; for *Danville*, whose past career is not known to those among whom he dwells, is proud, and has a well-grounded mistrust of *Redburn*. At this moment, a man named *Johnson* appears, and for a sum of five thousand pounds offers *Redburn* to secure him the hand of *Miss Danville*. This proposal the latter, without hesitation or inquiry, accepts. A bargain is struck. *Johnson* knows, of course, *Danville's* secret, and uses his knowledge so well that, but for unexpected squeamishness on the part of *Redburn*, who refuses to marry a convict's daughter, the wedding would have been arranged. *Johnson* now preys upon *Danville*, who, finding his enemy alone and drunk upon a landing-stage, pushes him into the Mersey. This action is witnessed by two persons, *Redburn* and *Kate Garstone*. The former sees the whole from a boat on the river; the latter from the landing-stage, whither, with suicidal intentions, she has crawled. *Redburn* accuses *Clayton* of the murder, in order to remove one who interferes with the execution of the designs he still entertains upon *Ruth*. *Kate* denounces him as a liar; but, weak and exhausted, dies before she can clear the character of *Clayton*. *Clayton*, against whom circumstantial evidence is strong, is confined in gaol, and visited by *Ruth*, who so works upon the feelings of one of the warders that she obtains her lover's freedom. *Redburn*, coming to the prison to enjoy his triumph, arrives in time to witness, but not prevent, the escape of his rival, and is himself arrested by a detective, who recognizes him as a criminal of whom he has long been in search. Five years elapse between the last two acts. Most of the characters arrive in Australia. Married to *Ruth*, and prospering as a sheep farmer, *Clayton* would be happy but for the suspicion of murder, of which he has yet been unable to clear himself. A letter from home brings news that Mr. *Danville*, before dying, has confessed his guilt. While *Ruth* is alone in her hut, a wearied wretch flying from pursuers enters. She gives him meat and drink. He recovers strength, and reveals himself to her as *Redburn*. Eager as ever for mischief, and relentless in persecution of *Clayton*, he tries to deprive her of the letter establishing her husband's innocence, but is prevented by the opportune arrival of *Spotty* and *Clayton*. The latter hands *Redburn* a revolver wherewith to defend himself against his enemies, who are heard without. This *Redburn* gratefully turns against the lender. *Ruth* shelters her husband, and at the critical moment *Redburn* is shot by a man without, who proves to be *Johnson*.

Very poor and quite destitute of novelty is all this. Scarcely a scene or character in the play has a touch of freshness in conception or execution. *Clayton's* vindication of *Ruth* in the prologue is effective, but not new. He reads her letter in a sense contrary to that it bears, representing her as

declining the offer of Redburn which she really accepts. Ideas not unlike this are found in more than one French play. Something of the same sort occurs in Mr. Leicester Buckingham's 'Merry Widow.' This is the only part of the play that rises even to mediocrity. The rest is void of probability and coherence. To make up for absence of characterization and of all that we expect in a drama, we have what is called "a sensation." A steamboat is seen steaming up the stage discharging its passengers, and returning. To the pitiful point is the drama degraded that this exhibition is supposed to afford the play a chance of long life. Audiences have not, however, become entirely corrupt. Many hisses mingled with the applause with which this "effect" and the entire performance were greeted. Mr. Emery represented Johnson with much skill, disclosing by clever touches the presence of extreme ferocity behind a pleasant jovial and hilarious exterior. Miss Moore was tender and graceful as Ruth, but failed to give to her impersonation any special characteristic of a Lancashire lass.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

'Foul Play,' by Messrs. Reade and Boucicault, will be produced at the New York Theatre on the 3rd of August.

Mr. Boucicault's drama, 'Flying Scud,' has been produced at the Adelphi, Miss Charlotte Saunders, specially engaged, resuming her old part of *Bob Buckskin*, and Mr. Belmore reappearing as *Nat Gosling*, the jockey. The play now closes at the scene of the Derby Day.

A series of performances for a charitable purpose, announced to commence on Saturday last at Sadler's Wells, proved a failure. The few spectators assembled on Saturday received their money back. On Monday the curtain was several times drawn up for short performances, but in the end the half-completed experiment was abandoned.

Mlle. Reboux, who since her favourable *début* in Paris as the Shepherd, in 'Tannhäuser,' has been performing at La Scala in Milan, has accepted an engagement at the Royal Theatre, Madrid.

The trial between M. Henri Blaze de Bury and the representatives of Meyerbeer was partly heard before the *première chambre* in Paris on Friday last. Its subject is the *libretto* of an opera, 'La Jeunesse de Goethe,' which M. Blaze de Bury claims as author, but which the defendants declare by the conditions of Meyerbeer's will they are unable to surrender. The will decrees that all unpublished works of Meyerbeer are to be sealed and entrusted to Madame Meyerbeer, to be given by her to any of her husband's grandchildren who may display a vocation for music. Further hearing of the case is deferred for a week.

Mlle. Hauser, a comic actress who has acquired considerable reputation in Holland, has been engaged at the Vaudeville.

A report, which has obtained currency in Paris, that M. Victor Hugo has written a drama on the subject of Madame de Maintenon is contradicted. A piece entitled 'Les Jumeaux' has long remained in M. Hugo's portfolio. The action of this piece is laid in the age of Louis the Fourteenth, but is not concerned with Madame Maintenon, who at that time, indeed, was Madame Scarron.

'Deux Prisonniers de Théodoros,' by M. Jules Renard, has been produced at the Palais Royal, and is the first French dramatic production to which the Abyssinian War has given birth. A grocer sends his nephew to Abyssinia. The latter stops at Asnières, enjoys himself, and sends word to his uncle that he is prisoner in the hands of Theodore. After his assumed return he invents a description of the scenes and persons among whom he has dwelt. The success of this trifle is mainly due to the acting of Lhéritier and Mlle. Alphonsine.—A second trifle at the same theatre is 'Le Châtaillier de Puy-de-Dôme,' a piece of extravagance by MM. Chivot and Duru.

'L'Enfant Prodiges,' a new drama by M. Becque, is the next novelty at the Vaudeville. Delannoy Saint-Germain and Mlle. Léonide Leblanc will play the principal parts.—The idea of transporting 'L'Abîme' ('No Throughfare') to the Porte St.-Martin has been entertained, but is now abandoned.

The busy pens of the *quidnuncs* who, especially *outré Manche*, devote their leisure to the cultivation and propagation of *canards*, will for the future be still on at least one subject. Mlle. Adelina Patti, who for some years past has been affianced, in print, to so many men of mark and likelihood, was actually married on Wednesday to the Marquis de Caux. The ceremony was performed in the small catholic church close to Clapham Common, and since the building was consecrated it has probably never been so densely crowded. An opera singer attracts more than a preacher even in a church, the priest's own home, and even when her voice is silent. Certainly the small edifice has never yet held so many celebrities as on this occasion. Mlle. Patti does not retire into private life. She is to sing at Homburg on the 15th of this month, and she has engagements in St. Petersburg and Paris for the winter.

We read in *Figaro* that Herr Richard Wagner is at Munich, seriously indisposed. It was said some weeks ago that his singers were also seriously indisposed, after the first performance of his new opera, 'Die Meistersänger von Nürnberg'; so that there seems to be some kind of poetical retributive justice in the fact, which we nevertheless grieve to announce. In the projected production of 'Die Meistersänger' at Dresden, the veteran *tenore robusto*, Herr Tichatschek, is to take part.

It is said that Herr Mendel, of Berlin, author of a life of Otto Nicolai, is on the point of completing a biography of Meyerbeer.

The new opera-house at Vienna is making rapid progress, but it is not expected to be completed until the middle of next February.

MISCELLANEA

Air-Beds in Olden Times.—In the *Athenæum* of July 18th there is a notice of 'Air-Beds in Olden Times,' with an extract from a book printed in 1645. To adopt the words of Porson in his letter to Dr. M. Davey—"A passage had long lain rusting in my mind, which passage I had almost despaired of introducing, when, lo! the occasion which the gods hardly durst have promised to my wishes, revolving time threw in my way." Lampridius in his life of Heliogabalus says, "Multis villoribus amicis folles pro accubitis sternebat, eosque rellabat prandentibus illis, ita ut plerunque subito sub mensis invenirentur prandentes. Isaac Casaubon's note on this is, Fit hodieque, et nos vidimus in Helvetia, ut pulvilli qui sedentibus subiciuntur, non tomento aut pluma inferantur, sed vento inflentur, qui si non distenduntur nimis, mollissimam sessionem prebent." Casaubon was born 1559 and died 1614. He does not date his Preface to the Sex Scriptores. My edition is that of Salmasius, Paris, 1620, with Casaubon's Notes "jam antea edita." My limited bookshelves, and I have no others to consult, do not afford me the date of the first publication of these notes. The 'Biographie Universelle' does not mention them, nor of course the minor English biographical dictionaries, as Gorton's, &c. If your Correspondent, E. P., be not already aware of this prior claim, with respect to the invention of air-beds, he will, I am sure, be pleased by my bringing it to his notice, and I shall feel obliged to him, as he has, I hope, far greater opportunities than I have *pour vérifier les dates*, if he would kindly inform me in your journal of the year when Casaubon's Notes were first published.

CLER. CLONENSIS.

Will you allow me a little space to answer the inquiry of your Correspondent, E. P., in your impression of the 18th inst. That air-beds were known, or at least contemplated, more than two centuries ago, is clear from the following passage in Ben Jonson's 'Alchemist'—

I will have all my beds blown up, not stuffed;
Down is too hard.

Inflated skins and bladders having been in common use from very early times, it would naturally occur to Mr. Macintosh, the inventor of impervious fabrics, or to one of his associates, to apply the invention to air-beds and pillows. The patent of Mr. Macintosh bears date June 17, 1823, and on the 30th of April, 1824, the late lamented Sir

John Franklin, then Capt. Franklin, wrote to him as follows: "Will you also make up four life-preservers of a size for stout men, and eighteen bags about six feet long and three broad, fitted with corks for filling with air, for the party to sleep on, and four for pillows of the size of the one you gave me." Mr. Hancock, in his 'Personal Narrative of the Origin and Progress of the India-Rubber Manufacture,' published by Longmans in 1857, describes the improvements in details forty years ago, which brought air beds and cushions to their present form and mode of construction, but he does not attempt to fix the date or circumstances of their invention, which perhaps cannot now be accurately ascertained.

H. B.

Wit, Wite, or Wyte.—In reference to the note on this word communicated by "W. B. J.," permit me to notice, that the word is not confined to Orkney, but is also current in the West of Scotland. The weavers of Paisley use it quite commonly to signify "blame." It is also found in Burns's poems.

D. H.

Shollings.—What is the meaning of the word "shollings," which occurs in the following sentence, printed on the 516th page of 'A Collection of the Sufferings of the People called Quakers, for the Testimony of a Good Conscience,' by Joseph Besse, London, 1753.—"Norfolk, 1685. On the 10th they took from Christopher Keddel, of Ellingham-Magna, four milch cows, worth 10*l.*, and two shollings, a silver spoon, brass, pewter, &c., worth 12*l.* 19*s.*?" I have looked in many word-books without finding this word.

E. BARROW SUTCLIFFE.

Renfrewshire Game.—There is a game in Renfrewshire, a favourite with the "roughs," but illegal, called "bullets." One party is matched against the other, with balls of metal, sometimes of carefully-rounded stone, say, enough to grasp. A long level portion of the highway in dry weather is selected, and from a given point each party throws the bullet as far as he can on the road, his opponent following suit. When the combatants on one side have reached the goal with a throw less than their opponents, they are said to have gained a "hail." This game is unknown in large tracts of Scotland, and I have not seen it in England.—S.

The Humber.—Has any satisfactory explanation of the signification of this name been given? The only one I have met with, i. e. that it is derived from an alleged *humming* of the water, is so inconsistent with experience, that I have been tempted to try if another more probable could not be found; and, remembering that many of the natural features of the country received their name from the Celts, it seemed probable that a reference to that language might be more successful than to the Anglo-Saxon. The Celtic synonym for mouth or estuary, is *aber* in Welsh, *inver* in Scotch, and *inbhear*, *inbhir* or *inbher* in Irish; and by some scholars the latter dialect is supposed to retain with most correctness the ancient phonetic spelling. In the third Irish form, if the initial vowel be changed to *u*, and *n* to *m*, the phonetic resemblance to Humber is complete; the changes suggested are perfectly consistent with usage, and the omission or introduction of the initial aspirate was as immaterial to our forefathers as to many of their descendants. This derivation is apposite for the Great Humber, and for Humberdale, a valley or dell in Garston, Lancashire, one end of which opens on the Mersey estuary. Another Humberdale or Homberdél, for both spellings are used, is mentioned in Kemble's *Codex Diplomat*, No. 1364. That author assigns some of the places named in that document to Hunts, but does not appear to identify any of them with modern names. The same root appears to exist also in Humbracomb, Hants; Humberford, county unknown; Humberstone, Beds; and Humberstone, which is to be found both in Lincolnshire and Leicestershire. Perhaps some of your readers may be able to confirm or confute the derivation suggested above. By the Saxons, Humberdale is known as Ythendale.

A DICKY SAM.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A. H.—J. F.—C. L. B. R.—J. S.—M.—B. T. D.—R. W. B.—N. C.—G. J. D. S.—J. H. A.—received.

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